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By the men . . . for the men in the service

CALLING THE RANGE

The Battle for Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima

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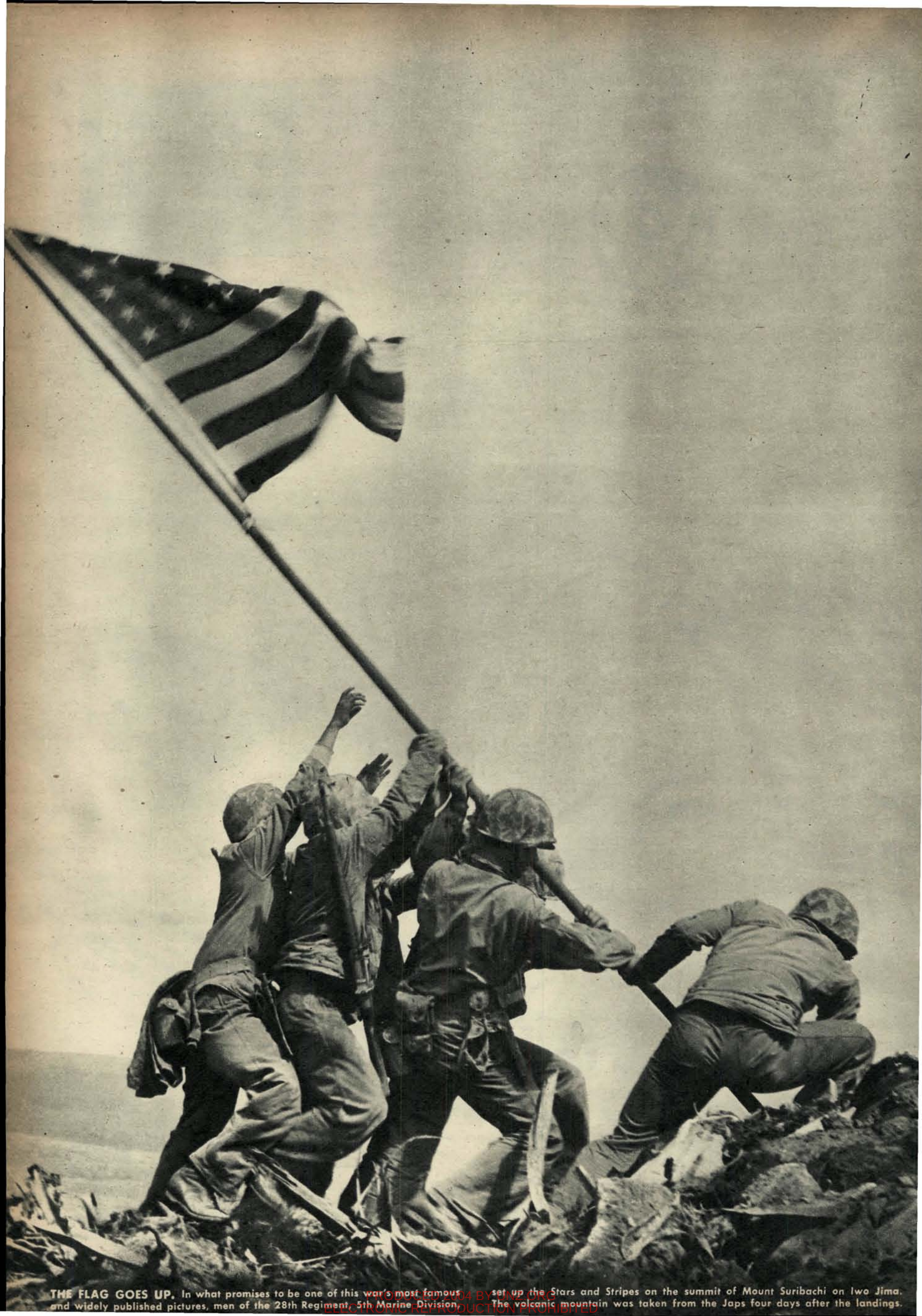
PAGES 2, 3 & 4



THE FLAG GOES UP. In what promises to be one of this war's most famous and widely published pictures, men of the 28th Regiment, 5th Marine Division, set up the Stars and Stripes on the summit of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima. The volcanic mountain was taken from the Japs four days after the landings.

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MOUNT SURIBACHI

The scaling of this peak on Iwo was revenge for the humiliation of Green Beach.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 5TH MARINE DIVISION ON IWO JIMA —Anyone who landed there will tell you that naming the stretch of beach just north of Mount Suribachi "Green Beach" was inaccurate. "Coffee-Grounds Beach" would describe the place better, for the iron-gray volcanic sand that covers the area resembles nothing so much as the dregs in a coffee pot on Monday morning. Members of the 5th Marine Division who landed here became extremely intimate with these coffee grounds during the first 48 hours of the invasion.

The sand got into their eyes and caked around their eyelashes. It became mixed in their hair like gritty dandruff. It invaded small cans of K-ration ham and eggs as soon as they were opened. It crept over the tops of the men's leggings and worked to the bottom of their shoes. The sand was both friend and enemy. It made foxhole digging easy, but it made fast movement impossible for men and vehicles.

For two days the men who landed on Green Beach were pinned to the ground. Murderous machine-gun, sniper and mortar fire came from a line of pillboxes 300 yards away in the scrubby shrubbery at the foot of the volcano. No one on the beach, whether he was a CP phone operator or a front-line rifleman, was exempt. The sight of a head raised above a foxhole was the signal to dozens of Japs, safely hidden in concrete emplacements, to open up. Men lay on their sides to drink from canteens or to urinate. An errand between foxholes became a life-and-death mission for the man who attempted it.

For two days the Marines stayed pinned to the beach in what seemed to many of them a humiliating stalemate. Hundreds of green-clad bodies hugged the coffee grounds, spread out helplessly in a scattered pattern, furnishing marksmanship practice for the Japs on the mountain with their telescopic gunsights.

The Marines had been hopelessly cut up and disorganized when they hit the beach. Their vehicles bogged down in the sand when they were brought in. Their supplies were ruined. Many of their wounded still lay where they fell, in spite of the heroic efforts of the tireless medical corpsmen. Bad weather and a choppy ocean prevented the landings of many small boats on the second day and held up the supply of new ammunition and equipment and the evacuation of the wounded. Though scores of dead marines lay everywhere, few of our troops had seen a single Jap, dead or alive.

TOWERING over them was Mount Suribachi, a gray, unlovely hulk with enemy pillbox chancres in its sides. The marines on Green Beach grew to hate the mountain almost as much as they hated the Japs who were on it. Reaching the summit was almost as much of a challenge as destroying the men who defended it.

The supporting air and naval fire did much. Hour after hour of surface and air bombardment couldn't fail to wipe out many emplacements, imprison many Japs in their caves and slowly eat away the mountain fortress itself. But when it came to the specific four-foot-square machine-gun emplacements and the still-smaller snipers' pillboxes, there was little the offshore and air bombardment could do except silence them for a few minutes. Everyone knew that in the end the foot troops would have to dig them out.

The foot troops made their drive on the third day. They were aided by a naval and air bombardment so terrific that the Tokyo radio announced that the mountain itself was erupting. They were aided also by our own artillery and rocket guns, landed with superhuman effort the previous day in spite of a choppy ocean and the enemy's guns.

But the foot troops were aided most by the tanks that advanced with them and lobbed shells into the stone and concrete revetments that blocked the way of the foot troops. The Japs were afraid of our tanks. They ducked low in their shelters and silenced their guns when they saw the tanks coming. They had planted hundreds of tank mines and had dug dozens of tank traps, but that is all they wanted to do. They didn't dare challenge our tanks with their guns.

As soon as the tanks had passed on or had been blown up by mines, the Japs came out of their holes and attacked our men from behind with machine guns and mortars. Between the foot of the volcano and Green Beach the enemy had hundreds of pillboxes and emplacements connected by a network of tunnels. When the Japs were driven from one pillbox, they would disappear until the marines advanced to another, and a moment later they would appear at their old emplacement, lobbing grenades at our men who had just passed.

BY early afternoon of D-plus-2 the Japs at the foot of Suribachi had been silenced. However, everyone knew there were still Japs around. There were Japs in the tunnels between the caves and there were Japs in the "spiderwebs"—the one-man sniper pillboxes—who would lift the camouflaged lids of their shelters and take pot

[illegible] members of the 5th Division waiting behind them, marines wriggle through the iron-gray sand toward Mount Suribachi, which is hidden by smoke.

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Among the first to fall after the landings on Iwo Jima were these two marines who lie dead where they were going forward against the Japs.

After taking him away from the front lines where he was wounded by Jap mortar fire, four marines gently lower Cpl. W. H. Porter into a hollow in the volcanic sand.

shots at marines trying to reorganize their outfits.

There were also many Japs who were dead. There were dead Japs in every conceivable contortion of men who meet death violently. Their arms and legs were wrenched about their bodies and their fists were clenched and frozen. Those who had been killed by flame throwers were burned to a black darker than the ashes of Suribachi or scorched to a brilliant yellow. Their clothes had been burned off, and the heat had vulcanized their buttocks together with ugly black strips. It was good to see these sights after having been pinned down to Green Beach for two terrible days.

There were dead marines too. Some platoons had been entirely stripped of their officers and noncoms. Some had lost more than three-fourths of their men since morning.

But the worst of the battle for Suribachi was over. Our men had fought their way in under the guns higher up on the mountain. Many of these guns had been knocked out by our tanks and artillery, and our naval and air bombardment. Many others couldn't be depressed far enough to menace our new positions.

There was still much to be done at the foot of the volcano. There were still many emplacements to be cleaned out with flame throwers and tanks, and there were still snipers sneaking through the subterranean tunnels. The third afternoon a detachment of marines fought around one side of the mountain and another detachment fought around the other. Then they dug in for the night. At 0100 hours the Japs counterattacked. They kept coming until daybreak, but the marines held them back. And all day the Americans were busy cleaning out the tunnels, caves and concrete emplacements at the mountain's base.

On the fourth night S/Sgt. Ernest R. Thomas of Tallahassee, Fla., led a platoon whose officer had been killed; it was accompanied by the company's executive officer, 1st Lt. Harold G. Shrier of Richmond, Mo. They dug in for the night at the base of a tortuous path leading to the top of the mountain. It was a bad night. Rain streamed down the mountain in small rivulets that trickled under their clothes and washed the coffee grounds across their bodies. The cold wind made them shiver. They huddled in foxholes, keeping their weapons dry with their ponchos.

At 0800 hours the following morning they began the ascent. The volcanic sand on the steep path offered poor footing. Stubby plants broke off in the men's hands or pulled out by their roots. But the only resistance encountered was the occasional ping of a sniper's bullet. As the men reached the summit they found a few more emplacements that were manned by live Japs. These were cleaned out with flame throwers, BARs and satchel charges.

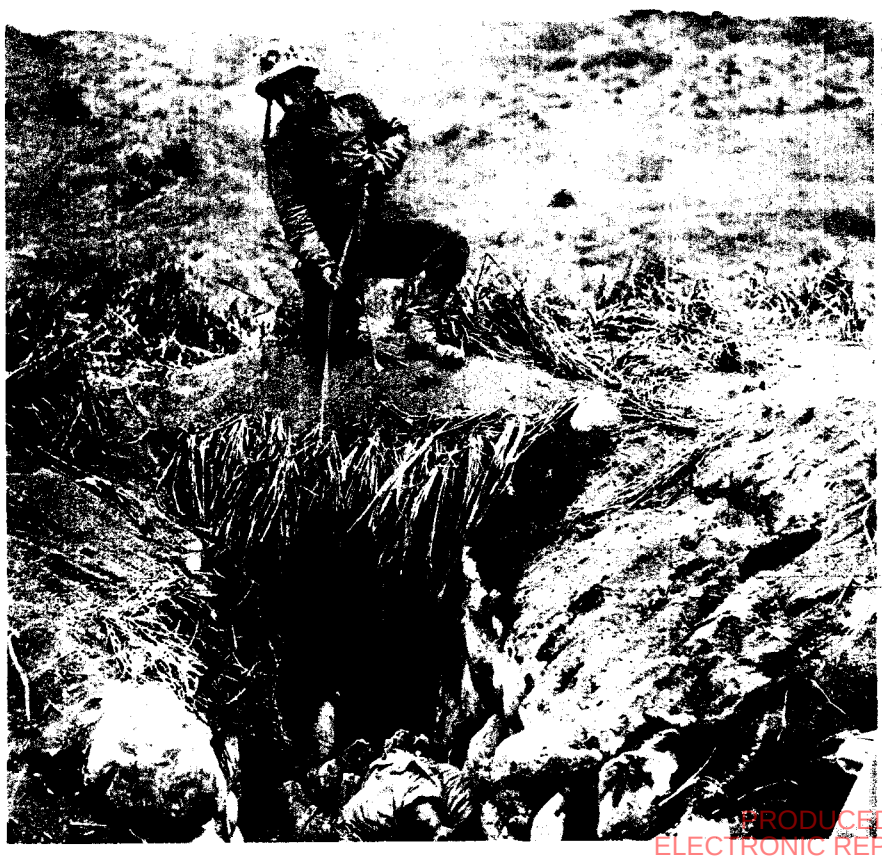
At 1131 hours the Marines were in undisputed control of the top of the volcano. Sgt. Henry O. Hanson of Somerville, Mass., looked around for a pole and found a lead pipe on the ground. At 1137 hours he with Lt. Schrier and other 5th Division Marines raised the American flag on the topmost mound of Suribachi.

Far below, Green Beach was rapidly taking on the appearance of any other beachhead. The volcanic sand was littered with abandoned equipment, and the shores were lined with boats delivering more supplies and evacuating the wounded. Far to the north other marines were fighting the battle for Motoyama Airfield No. 2.

Iwo Jima was far from being secured. But the Marines were on the summit of Mount Suribachi, the fortress that had made them wallow in coffee grounds for two days. Not far from where the flag flew, a communications man shouted, "This is easy," into his field phone.

The Marines intended to stay. The humiliation of Green Beach had been avenged.

Knowing that some supposedly dead Japs may be playing possum, ready to pull a grenade, these marines use a sling to remove a body from a dugout.



During the fighting for Mount Suribachi two marines pour on the heat, cleaning out Jap emplacements with flame throwers and blasting a path for the advance.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Sick-Book Blues

NEW CALEDONIA—It's kind of lonesome these days at a certain Army dispensary here. Pfc. Stanley Pryzbyla has quit coming around.

This healthy looking 190-pound typist in a Signal Corps photographic lab has been on sick call exactly 103 times in five months. He is proud of his record but resents being known about the post as a goldbrick.

"It was always legitimate stuff," he says.

First he got some sort of fungus in his armpits. That was cured in a few months. Then someone brought a cat into his tent, and Pryzbyla broke out in fleabites. After the fleabites the fungus came back. All in all, it was just one damned thing after another.

None of this made life any easier for Pryzbyla. His lieutenant jumped on him for missing so much work. And his friends all called him a goldbrick.

"Things got so bad," Pryzbyla says, "that I asked the doctor to give me some salve to treat myself. In the meantime the lieutenant went to the Old Man about me missing so much work. Well, you know the regulations—they can't keep a man off the sick book, but they can make it tough for him. So the Old Man put out an order that the sick truck was to quit stopping off at the service club. After that, things were pretty boring."

Pryzbyla is a well man now and hasn't seen the inside of the dispensary for several weeks. The company clerk is a little sorry. "I was just getting to the point where I could spell his name," he says.

—T-4 PRESTON CHARLES
YANK Field Correspondent

Hide and Seek

WITH THE 3D DIVISION IN FRANCE—Pfc. Walter Passon of Duluth, Minn., and Pfc. August Rydzall of Belleville, Kans., probably owe their lives to the snottiness of a German tank driver.

The two men had been separated from their outfits and were wandering around the front at night. First a flak wagon chased them, then Passon lost his helmet. He saw it lying on the ground by a house and started after it. He was halfway there when a German soldier turned the corner of the building, saw the helmet and picked it up.

Three more Germans followed that one, so the two GIs beat it. Finally they came up to what they thought was a Yank tank. They hailed it affectionately, rapped on the side and called greetings to the man standing in the turret. This guy just looked at them for a moment in the dark, then turned contemptuously away without saying a word.

Then the Americans saw the Nazi markings on the tank. As nonchalantly as they could, they turned around and walked back the way they came. When they were out of sight, they ran like hell. This time they were lucky. They ran right into an American CP.

—Pvt. ROBERT E. ABRAMS
YANK Field Correspondent

Ski Litter

WITH THE 78TH DIVISION, GERMANY—Sgt. Waldren E. Bliss of Riverhead, N. Y., spent 19 months in the Pacific where there was no snow before his transfer to the Western Front, but that didn't stop him from designing a ski litter once he got here and saw how the snow made evacuation of the wounded even tougher than usual.

Bliss, who is a section leader in the medical section of the 1st Battalion, 311th (Timberwolf) Regiment, completed his first model in January and has built others since then.

The litter has cut evacuation time in some cases from 40 minutes to 7. As many as 23 casualties have been hauled out of tight spots in a single day. The litter has been pulled over mine fields without setting off charges and, although it's used mainly for casualties, it has also hauled supplies to the front.

—Sgt. PETE KELLEY
YANK Field Correspondent

Nomenclature of Road, GI

WITH FIRST CONVOY TO CHINA OVER LEDO-BURMA ROAD—The official Public Relations name for this highway is "Pick's Pike," named for Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, commanding the engineers who built it. But to thousands of GIs it has always been the Ledo Road, and it will probably remain that.

There has been considerable confusion over a fitting name. When our convoy pulled into Yunnanyi, most of us had agreed on "Ledo-Burma Road," but the first thing we saw was a giant sign reading, "WELCOME TO THE FIRST CONVOY OVER THE STILWELL ROAD." Then a report stated Gen. Stilwell doesn't like that name because it doesn't give credit to the Chinese who did most of the fighting to open it.

Now everyone calls it what he likes, especially the drivers, who call it plenty. The latest report had at least three GIs agreeing on "Tokyo Turnpike."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Rocky

GALAPAGOS ISLANDS—When a guy smacks his lips after a drink of chlorinated water, just like it was Scotch; when he calls every rock he passes by name and greets a goat as he would his girl friend—then he is going "Rocky," which is the local equivalent of heading for a Section 8.

And if you see a GI weaving like a drunk in the distance, he's just wending his way among the rocks in as straight a line as possible. Many men say this method of locomotion will surely carry over into civilian life, distinguishing an ex-"Rock" dweller from one who spent his Army career doubled up in a foxhole or lying in a sack.

—Cpl. RICHARD W. DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Top-Blowing to Generals

KUNMING, CHINA—The men stationed here don't tell it to the chaplain when they have something to bitch about. They tell it to the general.

The Red Cross has started a forum called the "Town Club," where GIs get a chance to sound off to invited brass. On two occasions already, Maj. Gen. Gilbert X. Cheves, CG of SOS in the China Theater, has been the guest target.

Topics at these first meetings were mostly limited to war strategy, rather than pet peeves.

INDIAN RELIEF. S/Sgt. Donald Thompson (right) supervises natives loading .50-caliber ammunition belts for the 7th Bombardment Group, thus relieving Air Force GIs in India and Burma for other work.

The Red Cross says that's because GIs are still a little reticent about blowing their tops before being absolutely sure the blowing won't boomerang on them. But the project has been successful so far, and everyone thinks the discussions will get more and more frank as they go on.

—Cpl. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

Backward Typists

IRAN—A capable American stenographer, even a sassy one opposed to lap-sitting, could command a high wage in Army offices here. Though many Persian girls have discarded the veil, few of them can speak English. Nor is there any such thing as shorthand in Persian.

Some Iranian girls have proved to be excellent typists, however. Correspondence is written in both English and Persian on double-column sheets. It would impress Ripley to watch an Iranian girl type quickly down one side of the sheet on an American machine, with the carriage moving from left to right, then slip the sheet into a Persian machine and type just as quickly in an entirely different alphabet, with the carriage moving from right to left.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FRONT LINE JUKE BOX. During the campaign on Luzon a group of Signal Corps men listen to the strains of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," coming from an old Edison phonograph found in a deserted house.

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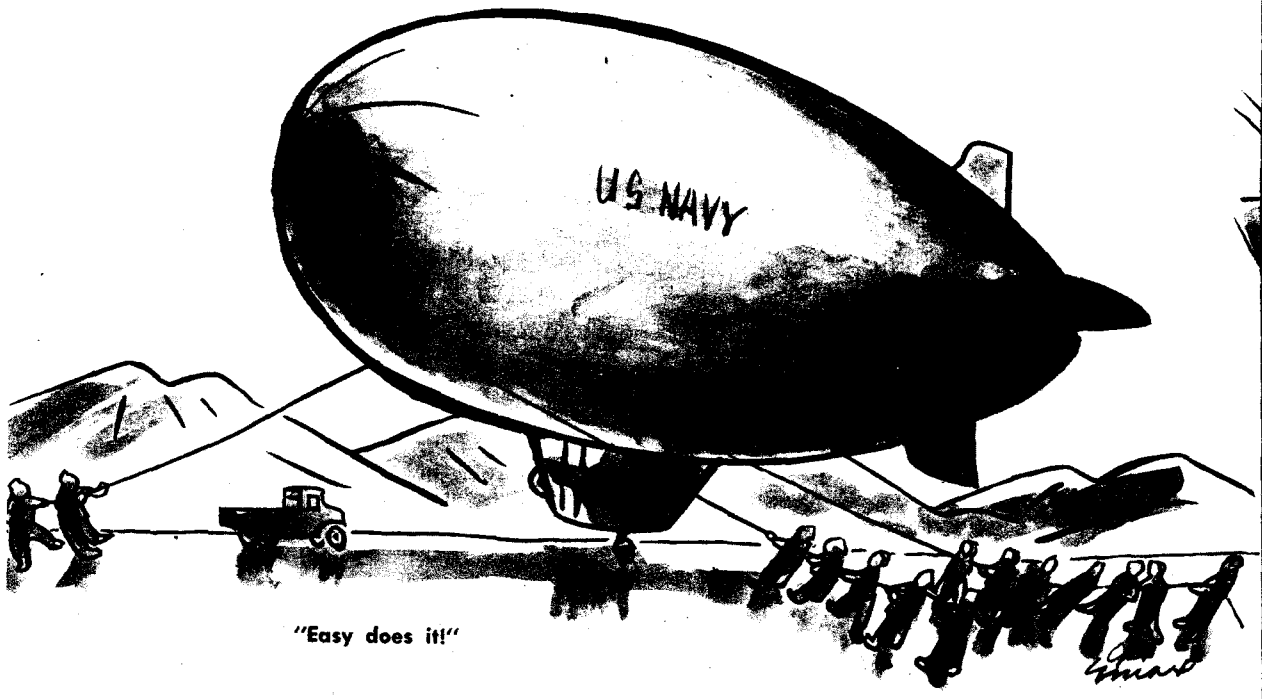
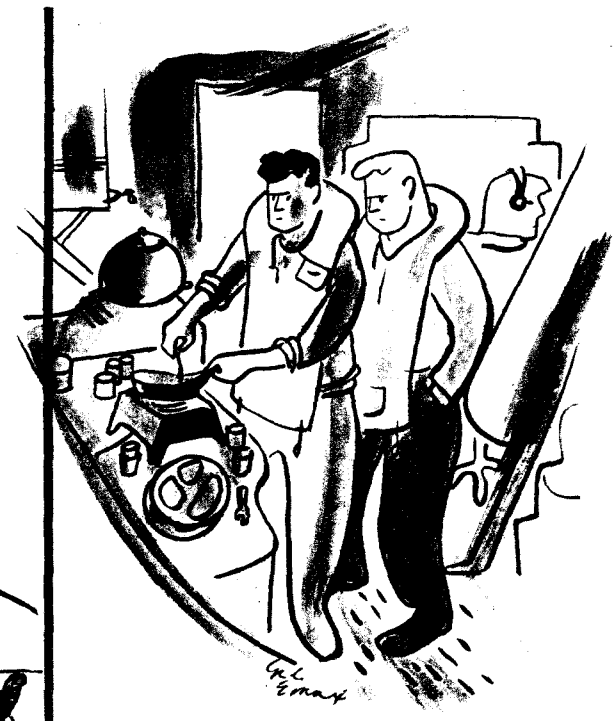


"Easy does it!"



Crew chief and kibitzer prepare dinner.

Blimpoo

Text and Sketches by Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

THE Navy blimps used to patrol the U. S. coasts can do almost anything. Blimps kept aloft with helium can hang motionless over a target or they can make a mile a minute; they can be brought down to within a few feet of the water or reach an altitude of 8,000 feet. Heavy weather doesn't mean much to a blimp unless it is trying to land in a strong ground gale; in that case it means trouble for the ground crew.

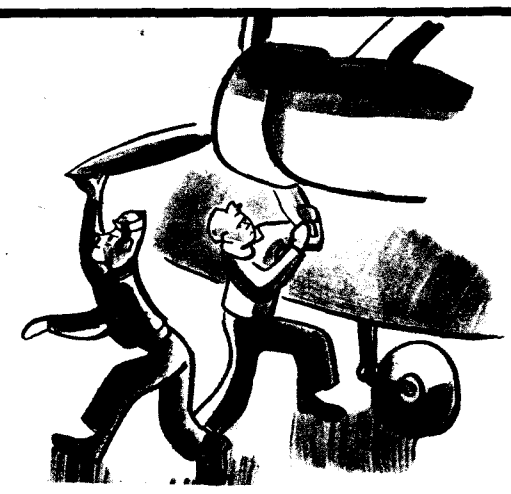
Blimps are particularly effective against submarines because of the all-around vision their crews have, plus the help of mechanical spotting devices. Blimps can put up a fight if attacked but like better to drop TNT on unsuspecting subs.

They're extremely good at rescuing flyers downed at sea; on such jobs they cut off both their engines and get down almost to the surface of the water. Sometimes they also make rescues from isolated ground areas. A Navy pilot once picked up four men, one of whom had died from exposure, from a desolate spot in the California desert. Both propellers of the blimp were bent in the process. The pilot received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

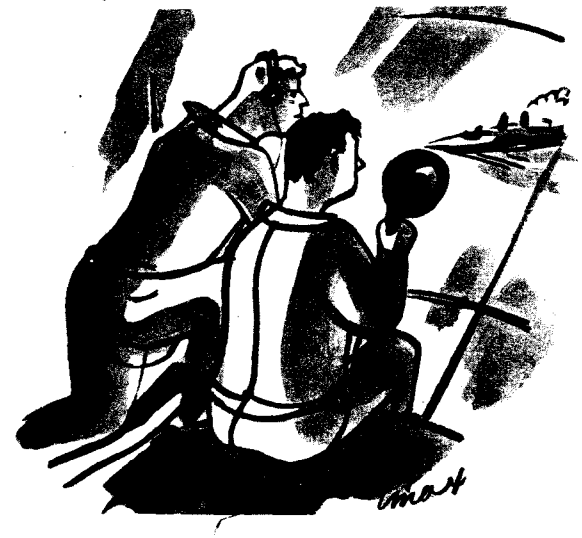
Our blimps have an advantage over the lighter-than-aircraft of other countries in that the U. S. has a monopoly on helium, which is comparatively safe. The only other gas that can be used for airships is hydrogen, which is touchy, highly inflammable stuff.

When a blimp's fuel supply is gone, it becomes a free balloon and can stay up indefinitely. Blimps consume about half as much fuel as heavier-than-aircraft.

Most of the duty time aboard blimp is spent sweating out subs and other objects in the water subject to patrol. Facilities for relaxation are limited on a blimp.



The machine age gets its start.



"Halt! Who goes there?"

Left: Lots of chow for the cruise.

Above: There are many hours in a day.

Right: A cozy corner in the 'dining hall.'

"Where the hell did that destroyer go?"

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Arthur H. Vandenberg

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As a onetime reporter, and by his own words a good one, U. S. Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg believes that one fact is worth five fancy adjectives. On January 10, on the Senate floor, this Michigan Republican stated some views about American foreign policy which may have an important bearing on history.

In simple language Vandenberg urged that the United States sign a treaty with her major allies guaranteeing the use of force, if necessary, to keep Germany and Japan disarmed forever.

Most newspapers and magazines hailed Vandenberg's speech as a powerful contribution toward international cooperation; he received 60,000 telegrams, many of them from servicemen. Almost all the telegrams praised the speech. A man in Philadelphia wired: "Finally an understandable speech — made by a man without marbles in his mouth."

Time said: "In bold, constructive terms, the No. 1 Republican spokesman for foreign affairs, long an isolationist, told the U. S. Senate that it was time for the U. S. to stop talking about world collective security and do something to make it real. . . . It might well prove to be the most important speech made by an American in World War II."

Some publications praised the address with reservation. The New York *Herald Tribune*, for instance, said: "At times, Vandenberg seems to recognize this as a struggle for national existence; at others, he seems to see it as one from which we could retire unless all our more idealistic notions were fulfilled."

On the other hand, columnist Walter Lippmann thought it might be one of the few speeches likely to "affect the course of events."

And the London *Daily Telegraph* said: "Sen. Vandenberg, who exercises more influence over Congress than any other Republican, has seized the occasion of the three-power conference to urge with greater vigor than ever that America should now pledge her constant armed cooperation in a collective security scheme with all her major allies."

In his Senate office, after the first tumult over the speech had died down, Vandenberg peered quizzically through rimless spectacles at a stack of telegrams, lighted a denicotinized cigar—the only kind he smokes — and said he wished he were as influential as he had been 40 years ago.

"Forty years ago when I was 20," he said, "in my home town of Grand Rapids, Mich., I was City Hall reporter on the Grand Rapids *Herald*. Made $25 a week and ran the municipal government from the side lines. Never been so influential before or since. There are days when I wonder why a fellow leaves a job on the brick pile to get out front where other people can throw bricks at him. The trouble with authority is that responsibility goes with it."

Not that Vandenberg doesn't like being a United States senator. He likes it good. He has been in the Senate since 1928 and has risen steadily in his party's councils. Both in 1936 and in 1940 he was mentioned as a GOP Presidential possibility, and this talk has been revived by his foreign-affairs speech. The President has named him one of this country's delegates to the United Nations conference to be held in San Francisco April 25—a sure sign of the influence Vandenberg is felt to wield on foreign policy.

Vandenberg stands over 6 feet and weighs more than 200 pounds. He has sparse gray hair, chews gum when he can buy it and takes an occasional highball.

After graduation from Grand Rapids High School in 1900 he got a job as clerk in a cracker factory. When he was fired for going to see Theodore Roosevelt in a parade, he went to work on the Grand Rapids *Herald* as an office boy. Later he became state editor and reporter at $8 a week. In 1906, at the age of 22, Vandenberg became managing editor. He directed the paper's news gathering, wrote editorials, solicited advertising, looked after circulation. Before he was 30, Vandenberg was considered the "editor, oracle and orator" of Grand Rapids.

Vandenberg's first wife, Elizabeth Watson, died in 1916. She was the mother of his three children —two daughters and a son. In 1918 he married Hazel H. Whittaker, a newspaper woman. His son, A. H. Vandenberg Jr., is a captain at MacDill Field in Florida. He came in as a private.

Vandenberg was appointed to the Senate in 1928 to fill the unexpired term of a senator who had died in office. Later that year, he was elected and has served without interruption since.

THE chief cause of this war, in Vandenberg's view, is simple: Failure of the Allies to keep Germany demilitarized.

"Had adequate control been established over German armaments," he said, "GIs would be home now—not fighting in Germany. Obviously, therefore, it is to our American interest—as well as to the interest of Britain, Russia, France, all the European countries—that we don't make the same mistake again and find ourselves with World War III on our hands.

"Therefore, since this is one common interest that we all can agree on, I propose that we shall immediately say so in a hard and fast agreement among the Allies under which the United States will promise to do her full part, with force, if necessary, to keep Germany and Japan demilitarized for keeps.

"When we do that, we will accomplish some other important things. We will eliminate the major reason which our allies give to justify their plans to carve up Europe into zones of special privilege and special interest. Whenever our allies propose to annex some other country, it is always on the plea that they must do it to protect themselves against another world war with Germany. When we take away this reason, we remove the greatest obstacle to a just peace, and only a just peace can be a permanent peace."

That, said Vandenberg, is the sum and substance of his Senate speech. "One reason people liked it," he asserted, "was that they understood it."

Vandenberg emphasized that he didn't want American soldiers serving for a long period as occupation troops. "Immediately following our victory," he said, "there is going to be an unavoidable period when there will have to be military occupation of Germany and Japan pending the time when stable civil governments can be restored. There is no way the Army can avoid this limited postwar service in some degree. But our Army should come home as soon as stable civil government is restored. I don't want to see our men doing a permanent policing job. The organization to handle this supervision of the defeated enemy nations is the new peace league representing the United Nations."

This job of supervision, Vandenberg believes, will largely be one of detection in which trained Allied agents will see to it that Germany and Jajan never again have the chance to build up their armament industries.

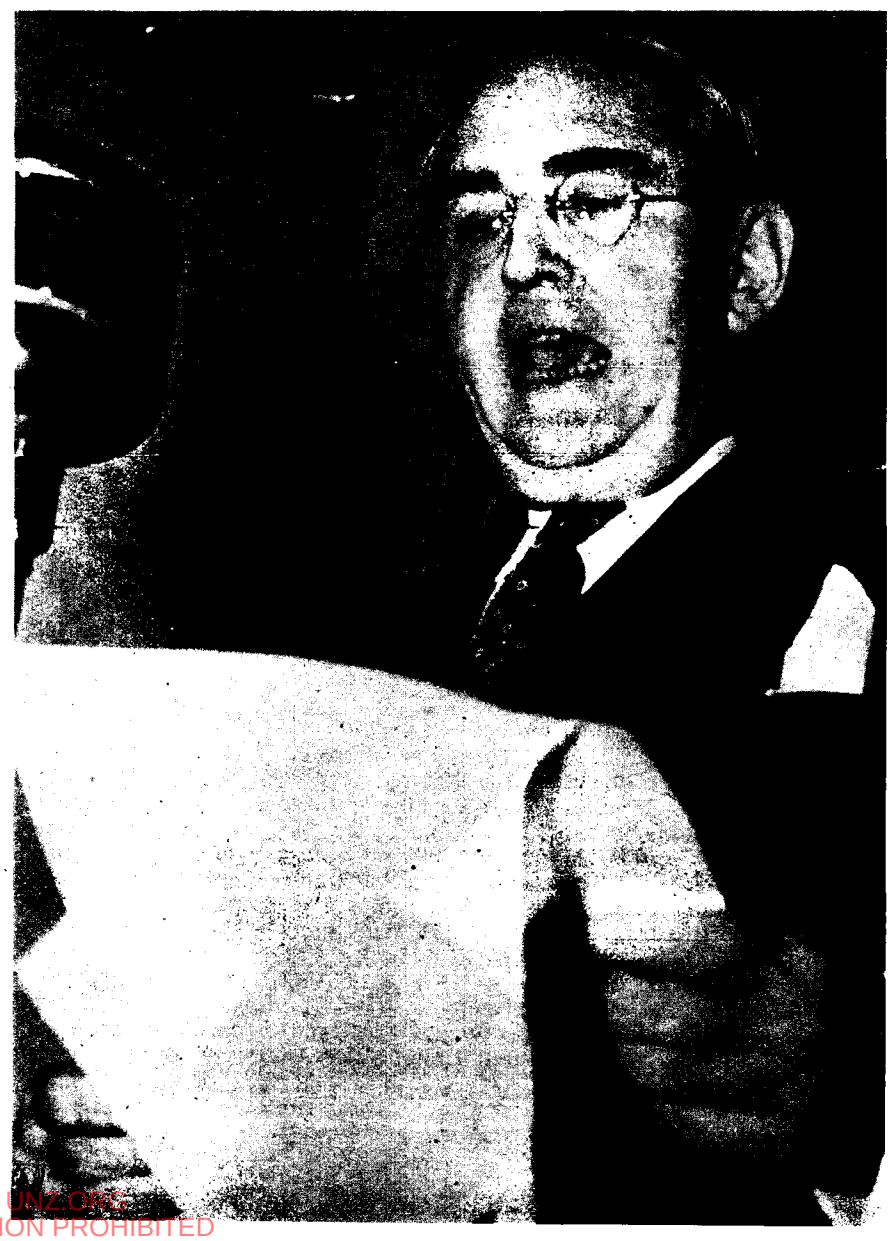
Vandenberg predicted that this nation's postwar Army and Navy will be composed entirely of volunteers. About compulsory military training, he said: " I want it definitely understood that I'm indefinite about compulsory military training. I want an adequate national defense regardless of treaties. I think compulsory military training should be our last recourse. But I won't run from it if it becomes necessary. I don't want the country to make a snap judgment about it. I think the men now in the Army and Navy should have their say about it. They know more about it than anyone else. I'm in the show-me class."

About the GI Bill of Rights, of which he was one of the five original authors, Vandenberg said: "We undertook to be as liberal as possible in an over-all program for the benefit of the veterans. I don't want to tamper with it until I see it work. I think weak spots will develop. When they do, they must be promptly corrected."

WHY did Vandenberg abandon isolationism to come out for full American partnership in world affairs? "I never thought of myself as an isolationist," he said. "I was a noninterventionist, or maybe an America First internationalist. In the middle 1930s I was one of the nine Republicans who voted for the World Court.

"What finally happened was this: Up to World War II we thought we enjoyed the isolation of World War I. Since Pearl Harbor the awful mechanisms of war have made such progress that there is no geographical isolation left to us. I recognize a physical fact. Contemplate a war of push buttons in which human flesh and blood are at the mercy of mechanized disaster. No nation hereafter can immunize itself by its own exclusive action. Only collective security can stop the next great war before it starts."

Vandenberg wanted it made plain that he writes his own speeches, pecking them out at night on his office typewriter. "I wrote about 20 drafts of my foreign-affairs speech before I finally delivered it," he said. "I had been thinking for about a year that someone should deliver such a speech. Then I got to wondering who should do it. Finally I decided I was the fellow to do the job. And I did it."



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DUEREN on the Roer

One of the few things left standing in flattened Dueren was this 25-foot statue of Bismarck, which is now strung with U. S. Army Signal Corps telephone wire.

In the battle to cross the last water barrier before the Rhine, two Infantry companies carried the main burden of the assault.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

DUEREN, GERMANY—This is the city that lived on borrowed time for three months. Its first brush with doom came last November when American troops drove to the west bank of the Roer, just 40 yards across from the city. Already shattered by Allied air attacks, Dueren—the key city in a road network leading to the Cologne plain—looked like a comparative push-over for the hard-driving First Army forces.

That 40-yard gap was a slim lease on life but it was sufficient for the time being, thanks to the dam system which regulated the flow of water. The dams controlled 160,000,000 cubic feet of water, and the Germans controlled the dams. By blowing two main dams, Schwammenauel and Urfttalsperre, they could inundate the river valley and trap any Allied troops attempting a crossing. Dueren could not be taken until the dams were captured or neutralized. So the First Army units attacked toward the town of Schmidt, the key to the dam defenses. The threat of flood held up our advances and saved Dueren.

Dueren's second reprieve came in mid-December when Von Runstedt's forces crashed through the Ardennes. That automatically stymied the Allied thrust toward Schmidt. It was not until late in January, when the German counteroffensive had been rolled back beyond the Belgian border, that we could resume our push toward the dam sites.

U. S. First Army troops took Schmidt on February 8 and moved on toward Schwammenauel, the largest of the four dams. But two days later, before we could secure the dam, the Germans opened the flood gates and blew the control gates. The roaring waters rushed west toward Dueren, raising the river level eight feet, flooding the lowlands and doubling the speed of the current. An assault crossing under such conditions was all but impossible, so our First and Ninth Armies had to sit back and wait for the flood to subside.

But Dueren couldn't hold out forever. Its bluff was called on February 23 when the First Army's 8th and 104th Divisions launched a joint assault. Dueren was captured. Here is how it happened:

COMPANY K of the 13th Infantry, 8th Division, had chow at midnight—steak, potatoes, bread, butter, coffee and doughnuts. Some of the men ate it standing around in the mud and rubble of the skeletonized village of Guerzenich. Others carried it back to their billets in the cellars, where they could eat in comparative comfort. There was still an hour before we were to start for the battalion-assembly area on the west bank of the Roer, opposite Dueren.

"That was a pretty good meal," one K company man remarked as he came back for seconds on coffee. "It ought to be," somebody in the mess line said. "If those motors break down tonight, we'll have to paddle across that damned river and you'll need plenty of energy. The Army's got that angle figured out. What else do you think they are feeding you steak for?"

Some members of the assault teams gave the cooks some last-minute advice when they got their chow. "Don't make the coffee too sweet tomorrow morning," one said. "And let's have some sunny-side-ups for a change," another suggested. "Stop beating hell out of the eggs and serve 'em up the way the hen lays 'em."

"You guys will be lucky if those Krauts give you time enough to eat D rations, let alone hot food," one of the cooks replied.

A couple of rounds of Jerry artillery landed on the other side of the village, rattling the already teetering walls of its shattered houses. "The Jerries must be getting nervous," somebody said.

Inside one of the shattered houses the 2d Platoon of K Company was waiting for 0100. T/Sgt. John Demeduk, the platoon sergeant from Ramsey, N. J., and the platoon leader, a second lieutenant, were testing the release valves on their life belts. Pvt. Francis (Doc) Marone, the platoon medic from the Bronx, N. Y., was stretched out on a Jerry mattress on the floor whistling "I'll Walk Alone." Several others were sitting around smoking.

T/Sgt. Edward Kuiken of Fair Lawn, N. J., the mortar-platoon sergeant, came in. "Ready, willing and able?" he asked.

"Able, anyhow," someone answered.

"Say, Ed," the lieutenant said to Kuiken, "I believe we are going to run into trouble at the corner of that *Sportpalast*. The Jerries probably

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have a strongpoint there. So be ready to lay some in if we need help."

"You let me know when you want it, and I'll plaster hell out of them," Kuiken assured him, then added: "Well, I guess I better shove. It's 10 of. Take it easy, you guys, and good luck."

He turned to the lieutenant and put out his hand. "Good luck, Johnny—I mean lieutenant. Hell, I keep forgetting you're an officer now."

"Don't let it bother you," the lieutenant said. "Good luck, Ed. See you over there."

They shook hands firmly, like two men who enjoyed knowing each other. It was a token of mutual respect that knew no rank—respect that came from fighting together and each one knowing just what the other could do in a tight spot.

Kuiken and the lieutenant were old K company men. They joined it together back in 1941, as privates at Fort Jackson, S. C. Both were platoon sergeants when the 8th Division came to France. Johnny got a battlefield commission for leadership at Brest, when his platoon leader was injured and he had to take over. He also got wounds there that hospitalized him for four months. He had rejoined the company two weeks ago, and tonight would be his first action as an officer.

It was 0055. The lieutenant said, "Let's hit it." The platoon moved out on the moonlit main street and fell in with the 1st and 3d Platoons.

"Take it easy with the grenades on those Jerry cellars," Doc Marone said. "That's where they keep the cognac."

Another voice in the darkness said, "I'd like a three-day pass starting immediately."

"Okay, you got it," the lieutenant said. "Only it's made out to Dueren."

"If the Jerries knew what I know," a man in the front rank said, "they'd be heading back to Berlin right now."

"Yeah," the guy behind him said, "and maybe if you knew what the Jerries know you'd be heading back to Indiana."

As they moved off in single file on each side of the rubble-heaped street, one optimist said, "Hell, the war might be all over tomorrow."

"Yeah," somebody added. "All over Dueren."

THE artillery began at 0245. Four battalions of it, two lights and two mediums, delivered thousands of shell-encased notices to the defenders of Dueren. They fell first on the east bank of the river, then on the waterfront buildings, then eastward toward the center of the city, so that all of Dueren would know that the mortgage on this part of Hitler's Reich was being foreclosed.

When the artillery lifted at 0330, the infantry shoved off the west bank to enforce Dueren's eviction notice. Rubber assault boats, powered by 50-horsepower outboard motors, were supposed to carry the infantry across the treacherous current. The motors were to have been warmed up while the artillery covered their noise, until the very minute before departure. But most of the motors failed to start. So the infantrymen, who were supposed to be passengers on this trip, finished by working their own way, as usual—this time by paddling instead of walking.

German mortar and artillery fire raked the bank where the 13th Infantry was making ready to cross the swirling river. The second lieutenant of K Company, who was going into action as an officer for the first time, never even got into his boat. A mortar burst that landed five feet from him knocked him out and temporarily deafened his platoon sergeant, Demeduk. The lieutenant was returned to the hospital, this time suffering from concussion and possible internal injuries. Demeduk was able to stay with the platoon, but because of his temporary disability, S/Sgt. Harry B. Laws Jr. of Syracuse, N. Y., took over as platoon sergeant for the assault.

Meanwhile 1st Lt. Morton S. Mock of Batavia, N. Y., had landed his Company K assault team on the enemy-held bank. Less than 50 yards away, a Jerry machine gun was spraying the other assault boats coming across, all of which had great difficulty staying afloat in the rushing current.

Sgt. Bertram West of Meadville, Pa., crawled up the bank, then into the Jerry trenches and made his way around behind the MG nest. He threw a grenade into the hole, routing the three-man crew. Two tried to make a break for it. West killed one with his tommy gun, and a BARman, Pfc. Ray Adamson of King Hill, Idaho, killed the second. The third Jerry surrendered.

Pfc. Anthony Woody was in another K Company boat. Just as the boat beached, the swirling waters caught it and carried it away. Seven men managed to jump clear, but Woody and another soldier were swept helplessly downstream with it. A German machine gun sprayed them relentlessly, and Woody's companion was killed.

By grabbing the branches of an overhanging tree, Woody finally got free of the boat and ashore, only to find that his haven was directly in front of another enemy machine-gun crew. He was captured by the gun crew. As the American troops gradually forced the Germans to retreat, his captors moved Woody from one house to another. Late next afternoon they ordered him to load a wounded German soldier on a wagon, preparatory to evacuating that part of town. Just then a platoon of the 104th Division attacked the area. They shot the horse and the driver of the wagon and liberated Woody.

Woody, who ran a barber shop in Afton, Okla., before the Army made him a rifleman, has only a skinned ear to show for his experience—where an MG bullet grazed him while he was in the boat. His buddies claim it's one for the books when a barber gets an ear-clipping job himself.

The treacherous current of the swollen Roer almost proved disastrous to the crossing. Boats were swept downstream and crashed into the pilings of a knocked-out bridge that once connected Dueren with the west bank, and many of the occupants were drowned. Of those who escaped, some were wounded by enemy fire or suffered from exhaustion so they couldn't return to duty immediately despite the critical need of infantrymen to hold the small bridgehead which had been established by I and K Companies.

Meanwhile the Germans, profiting from their well-prepared positions, hung a curtain of mortar, artillery and MG fire on the river. At daylight, the intense concentration of fire made it all but impossible to get more troops across. Two flying ferries—assault boats tied to trees on our side and manipulated so that the current carried them across—were knocked out in less than an hour, and a footbridge suffered the same fate.

In the city of Dueren, I and K Companies fought savagely against overwhelming odds. Forced to carry the load of what was to have been an entire regiment's attack, these two companies held out against repeated German counterattacks and continued to advance slowly in the city. After 14 hours of fighting practically on their own, the two units finally got aid at 2200, when the other companies got across on two newly established flying ferries. Next morning a bridge was built on the pilings of Dueren's original structure and reinforcements poured in in to help I and K Companies clear the city.

DUEREN, the queen city of the Roer, is nothing more than a heap of rubble today. Only four civilian residents of the city's peacetime population of 30,000 are here to see the powdered monument to Germany's dream of conquest.

Oddly enough, one of the few relatively intact structures in the pulverized city is the 25-foot monument to Bismarck, Germany's empire builder of former days. He stands in the middle of a square whose surrounding buildings have been reduced to rubble. In his left hand is his sword, symbol of the power he wielded over Germany's neighbors. In his right is a scroll bearing the inscription: "Versailles, 18 January, 1871." That was the date of the restoration of the German Empire at the expense of France.

But the Americans made two modifications in the statue of Bismarck, neither of which would have been appreciated by the sculptor or the people of Dueren who, as the tablet says, "caused it to be erected in memory of the eminent Reich Chancellor." Draped over his left shoulder and resting between the thumb and forefinger with which he is grasping his sword is a U. S. Army Signal Corps telephone wire, strung up by an unawed GI who used the statue as a telephone pole in the otherwise flattened area.

The other modification is a shell hole, about the size of a silver dollar, piercing the scroll in his right hand and cutting off the top of "V" in Versailles. The American modification of Germany's 19th Century empire builder doesn't stop there. With true poetic justice, the shell continued on through the tail of his knee-length military coat and lodged in the very spot where many of the subject people of his empire would often have liked to ram it.

1st Lt. Morton S. Mock (left) talks with Pfc. Tony Woody, who was a prisoner for 15 hours after crossing the Roer.

T/Sgt. John Demeduk, platoon sergeant of K Company's 2d Platoon, speaks into his walkie-talkie.

An engineer lies where he was hit and killed by mortar fire as he was crossing the Roer.

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Roer Patrol

Before the final break-through that took Dueren, individual patrols did the delicate job of preliminary reconnaissance.

By Sgt. RALPH MARTIN
Stars & Stripes Correspondent

WITH THE NINTH ARMY IN GERMANY—The war was sleeping on both sides of the Roer River, just as it had been sleeping almost every night for weeks and weeks. There were no war sounds, no sounds at all anywhere, except the loud rushing noise of the river itself.

Then suddenly out of the thick mist came the shadows—35 skinny shadows and 10 fat ones. The skinny ones spread out soundlessly along the river bank, flattened themselves on the ground and got their rifles and BARs into position. The fat shadows—face-blackened soldiers wearing Mae Wests—slid into a waiting assault boat and pushed off.

Lt. Roy (Buck) Rogers looked at his watch. It was 1900 hours. So far, so good.

But suddenly the current grabbed the boat, swept it against some debris and tipped it to one side. Just as suddenly the air was filled with flares slicing open the fog. Kraut machine guns started splattering all around the boat, and mortars started plopping in close. The 10 soldiers were no longer fat shadows; they were desperate, fast-moving men, sitting in a spotlight, shifting their positions, trying to get away from the debris and to keep their boat afloat.

On the bank, still stretched out silently, were the 35 skinny shadows. Finally Buck Rogers in the boat grabbed his walkie-talkie. "Fire 15. Fire 17. Fire 25. Repeat. Fire 19. Repeat. Repeat." Seconds after he spoke, the skinny shadows were speaking with their guns.

Even in this blinding mist there was no guess firing. Every Kraut position had been preobserved and located and numbered. 1st Lt. Carl Aamont had spent several days in careful reconnaissance. Everything now was pinpoint precision. Behind the 35 skinny shadows were several heavy-weapons platoons waiting to supply overhead fire, also at numbered targets. Alongside them were some mortar sections.

"Fire 23. Repeat. Repeat."

For a short time the flares stopped. Soon the boat reached the other bank, and three of the fat shadows stayed behind to take care of it—pull it out and hide it. These three were engineers from C Company of the 327th Engineers, temporarily assigned to Buck Rogers' Raiders.

The other seven scooted up the banks and stopped in the wooded slope near the top of the dyke. The dyke top was a long stretch of dirt path, 10 feet wide. "We called it Lovers' Lane," says S/Sgt. Chris Lorenz, one of the seven. "There was a lot of grassy lawn and there were plenty of benches still sitting there. And there were lots and lots of bushes."

Like most of the seven, Lorenz had been here many times before. Crossing the Roer was just a routine job for Rogers' Raiders. And Lovers' Lane was an old friend. It was an old friend because there was this sharp slope that you could hide behind and there were all these thick bushes.

Meanwhile Lt. Rogers was scouring all over everywhere, making his recon-report check-up, finding out what he had been sent over to find out. Buck Rogers insists on going out on almost all the nightly raids. He likes to kill Germans. Two of his kid brothers were killed on this front.

Lorenz likes to kill Germans too. He watched a flare-throwing Kraut having a bull session with a buddy. He waited, frozen still, until the two started walking toward him, then he told his two boys "Now." When their rifles opened up, both Krauts dropped. One of them was still moaning, and Lorenz lobbed over a grenade.

"I always like to make sure," he says.

On the other side of the river, less than 150 yards away, Lt. Aamont was coordinating the mortars and MGs with the rifles and BARs. On the right flank our mortars were dropping three or four rounds a minute, sealing off the raid area.

Meanwhile Lorenz was making a sightseeing tour of the two MG positions. The first was empty because the Krauts were crawling into holes. Pfc. William Drisko spotted one and ordered him to come out with hands up, because the patrol had been told to bring back some PWs. But this Kraut didn't answer; he just kept breathing hard. The breathing turned into moaning when Drisko dropped a grenade into the hole.

"Now, will you come out?" he said in German.

The Kraut complained that he would if he could, but he couldn't because both his legs were broken. He suggested that Drisko come in and get him. Drisko replied by taking another grenade and threatening a repeat performance. The Kraut finally did come out, both legs dangling. He said there weren't any more Germans in the hole, but the skeptical Lorenz yelled, "*Gib auf* (give up)." And, sure enough, another Kraut popped up right in front of him, crying out, "*Polski—nicht schiessen* (Polish—don't shoot)."

"They all claim they are Polish as soon as they are captured," says Lorenz, who knows better. Lorenz was born in Munich in 1922, lived there for eight years before moving to Chicago, Ill., then came back to Europe for a full year in 1936 during the Olympics. He has a Bronze Star with Cluster. "All my relatives are in the German Army," he says. "I wouldn't be surprised if I've killed some of them already."

Buck Rogers now took the other five men toward the second gun position. But before they reached it they bumped into two Germans walking fast through the mist, their hands up high. Both quickly explained they were no longer interested in this war. Buck Rogers was going to take the wounded PW along with them, but when the Krauts lifted him he screamed in pain. So they left him there.

"I guess the lieutenant was right," says Lorenz. "A wounded guy is a lot more trouble to those Krauts than a dead guy."

Coming back over the Roer, Lorenz bawled out, "*Tiefer und haerter* (deeper and harder)" to the four Krauts doing the paddling. Everybody else was yelling and laughing and cursing.

"We were just feeling good," says Pfc. John McDonald, who studied engineering at Purdue in the ASTP. "We were just letting off some steam because we were all still alive, I guess."

THEY were lucky this time. No casualties. The last time, 7 out of 12 guys on one patrol got Purple Hearts.

But this 43-minute raid was an important, successful raid. The patrol did some vital reconnaissance, took care of two MG nests, and brought back four PWs.

That's their main job always—to bring some of them back alive. That's what the Raiders were first organized for in the first week of January. The regimental colonel of the 407th was having lots of trouble with his patrols. Lots of casualties and not many PWs. So he called in Buck Rogers and Aamont, and told them about an article he had read in the *Infantry Journal* about battle patrols composed of small groups of men who did nothing else. Then he told them it was their baby if they wanted it. They wanted it.

The two loueys called for volunteers and finally picked 42 who represented every company in this regiment of the 102d Division. Most of them weren't old enough to vote. Most of them were kids who had been yanked out of ASTP college training when the Army cut it down. Not all are college kids, though. S/Sgt. Frank Bartholivich, who has a Silver Star and Purple Heart, was a coal miner in Pittsburgh, Pa. He's an old man in the outfit; he's 25. Then there is Pfc. Chief Bearer, an American Indian from Prescott, Ariz., who fought with the ski troops against the Japs on Attu.

They volunteered to join Buck Rogers' Raiders because they liked the idea of resting during the day and going out on patrols at night, or because they wanted to kill Germans, or because they couldn't get along in their own outfits, or simply because they were young and this sounded like a wonderfully crazy thing to do.

They're the first to admit how young they are, because they're proud of it.

It was 19-year-old Pvt. Ed Diamond who rubbed his beardless chin and said: "The Gillette razor-blade people would have a hell of a job trying to make any money out of this outfit."

Coming up like a mole from underground, where he had been overlooked in mopping-up operations, a German soldier surrenders to Lt. Roy (Buck) Rogers.

Two German snipers raise white handkerchiefs and surrender to U. S. soldiers on the banks of the Roer. They gave away their position by firing on the Yanks.

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Alaska Sweats It Out

SINCE KISKA, AUGUST 15, 1943, THE BIGGEST BATTLE FOR THE NORTHERN "SNOWFEET" HAS BEEN AGAINST WEATHER LIKE THIS BLIZZARD NEAR FAIRBANKS

Dogfaces on the mainland and in the Aleutian Chain watch the war go by on other fronts, stare out toward the Kuriles and wonder if there's anything cooking.

By Cpl. JOHN M. HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALASKA AND THE ALEUTIANS—A corporal said this about the scarcity of combat in Alaska: "We are closeted here in Alaska and the Aleutians like a woman in confinement until the war is over, or else we may become the mother of another offensive. And we all wish we knew which."

The radio stations in Alaska and the Aleutians still sign on and off with slogans like "Broadcasting to you from the northern highway to victory." The foxholes dug during the battle are still on Attu but they are just in the way during practice alerts. The Infantry and Engineers and AAF stumble into the snow-covered holes they forgot were there.

The Aleutians have gone GI to a point where the men stand regular Saturday hut inspections and you no longer turn your back to the wind and use any place on the ground for a latrine. The only reason any soldier on Attu has worn a helmet since July 1943 is a standing rule of the mess halls—"No helmet, no chow."

Just after Kiska, a year and a half ago, most of the war was detoured from this shortest route to Tokyo, and nobody knew then, and nobody knows yet, whether it will ever come through again. So the war in Alaska is mostly against doubt as to whether this theater still matters.

"Look at the maps we use now," says Cpl. Paul C. Legette of San Francisco, Calif. "They aren't even global. There isn't room on them for the Aleutians to be near Japan where they belong, so they are stuck in a box by themselves down in the lower right-hand corner near Seattle.

Not that the men here wouldn't prefer a base near Seattle or that the combat crewmen really want any more combat than they have right now. But what they would all like to know is where they stand in importance.

Actually, of course, Alaska and the Aleutians have been important since Kiska. The ground in the Aleutians is so soft it trembles every time heavy construction equipment passes over it, and the huts on the soft muskeg have trembled ever since Kiska. During all that time the Engineers have been building up bases with airstrips and docks and warehouses for any kind of war that might come.

During the construction period Japan has not been able to return to the islands because of Aleutian-based Army and Navy bombers and Navy task forces that have been crossing 600-odd miles of the North Pacific to raid the Japanese Kuriles. The Kuriles have been hit as regularly as the crews could make it through the fog and wind.

THE Aleutian Chain is the place most soldiers in Alaska want to stay away from. There are very few who like the islands. One of these rare birds is T-4 Dashiell Hammett, 50-year-old author of "The Thin Man" and "The Maltese Falcon." "Why do I like it here?" Hammett sometimes asks. "I don't know—maybe it's the humidity. It slows you up and irritates you, and maybe I like that." When Hammett shows visitors around, he asks how they like *his* mountains.

T-5 Erwin Spitzer, on the other hand, is tired of the mountains. "The scenery here," he says, "is something I've grown very cold about."

Fog covers the Aleutians and the wind has blown down many of the buildings put up by the Engineers. Except for the new Army posts, the islands are barren, and there is nothing queer about a man who has not troubled himself in a year to hitchhike outside his own company area for a look around. All the scenery any man really wants to see is outside Alaska and the Aleutians. They tell about a deckhand on a small power barge who hatched a scheme for escaping from the Chain on his small interisland ship. The place he hoped to reach was Siberia.

On chances for rotation some soldiers quote the king-size ravens that live off the islands. What the ravens say, of course, is "Nevermore."

There are towns near the camps on the Alaska mainland, but on the Chain our men have had to build up islands where there are no towns and no women. A major in the Medics made a survey of his island to find out what happened to these men after a year and a half. The major decided that nothing very serious happened except to the men who would have tripped on the street curbs of their own home towns. He decided that the Aleutians are, strangely enough, a healthier—and safer—place than most overseas theaters.

Rusty Annabel, a war correspondent for United Press and a pre-war resident of Alaska, has never wanted to transfer out of the theater, even though he could be rotated. The reason is that he still thinks he can sweat out Tokyo through the Chain.

Tokyo Rose of Radio Tokyo is still interested in Alaska and the Aleutians, and the theater is humorously important for that reason if for no other. Rose's stories furnish free entertainment to the island-isolated GIs. There is one yarn about the general who flew to the mainland on TD. This general's house caught fire shortly after he left and his plane picked up a radio report describing the fire and telling him he'd better get back. The report, of course, came from Tokyo Rose. According to another of Rose's fables a Jap sub took pictures of one island over a period of days; then the crew came ashore to the island one night and printed their pictures in the airbase photo lab.

THE boys go on listening to Rose for the laughs and wait. The air crews get action now and again, photographing the Kuriles and bombing them. The AAF has hit the Kuriles as far south as Shimushiru, less than 1,000 miles north of Tokyo. And twice in 1944, Matsuwa, 1,100 miles north of the Jap capital, was shelled by a Navy surface force of the Aleutian-based North Pacific fleet.

Except for these air and water excursions, it's still a campaign of boredom in the North, but every soldier knows that in one way or another Alaska does fit into the over-all Pacific picture. Where it fits, though, they don't know. That makes the boredom harder to sweat out—that and the fact that Alaska doesn't have the proper climate to go with sweating.

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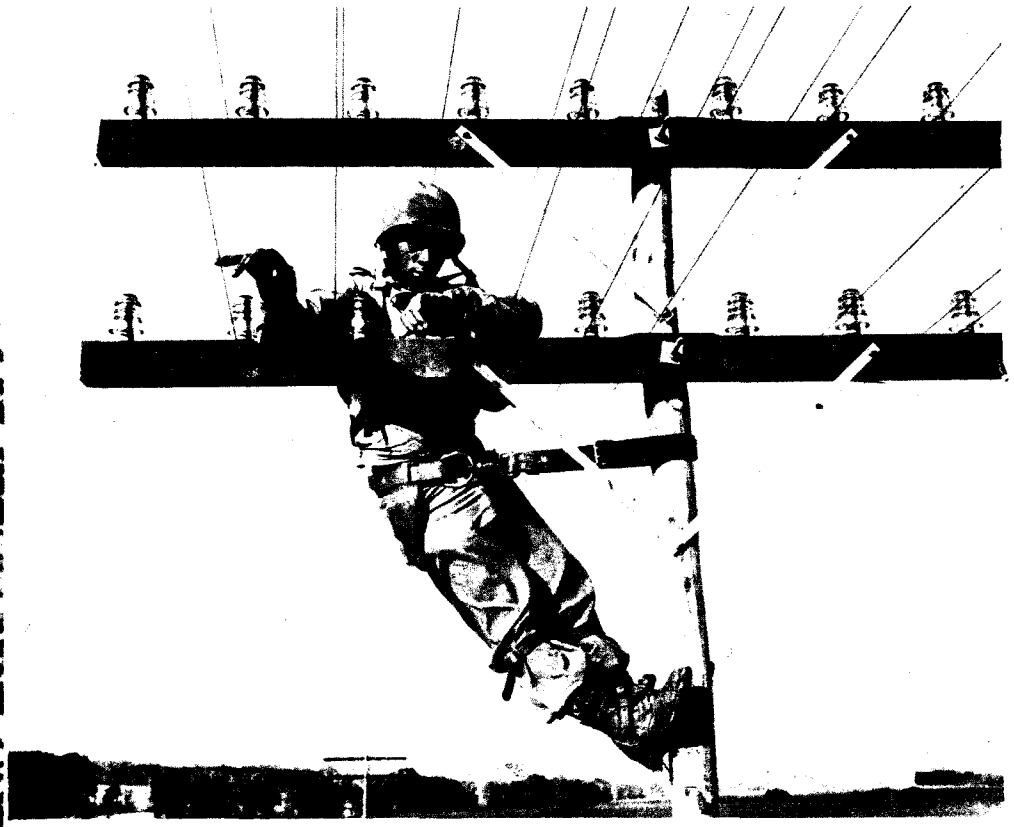
A Filipino school teacher (center) saved a bottle of whisky for three years to offer Americans when they came back to Luzon. Left and right are Pfc. William Gee and T/Sgt. Floyd Aden.

These team drivers and their dogs are on the Western Front and not in the Far North. They picked up wounded soldiers during winter snowstorms.



TUNING. In technical terms, Pvt. Russell Myers of the Signal Corps is checking line sag on this pole in France, using the oscillation method for proper wire tension.

RISKY JOB. A Coast Guardsman clings to a rail as he tries to clear away a loose fender from the deck of a tanker in churning South Pacific seas.

DUTCH TREAT. Dressed in their native costumes, these little Hollanders were taken for a walk by GIs visiting the home in which 145 of them are cared for by nuns

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AS OF THE WORLD

Like everyone else MPs have off-duty hours and these particular ones are enjoying theirs by spending an afternoon skating in the city of Reykjavik, Iceland.

At a GI night club in Belgium with Belgian entertainers and a soldier dance band, T-5 Walter Goldberg steps before the microphone to sing "Good Night Ladies."

Bomb-bay doors open and tons of bombs pour out of these B-29s as they fly over enemy positions in Burma. Their target was a Jap supply depot near Rangoon.

WACY HATS. This is one way of enjoying your off-duty time. In Paris these three Wacs visited a famous shop and got a kick out of trying on the latest in spring hats.

Barbara Chambliss doesn't need to test. The water is warm, being the Gulf of Mexico, but all the same it's a very nice pose.

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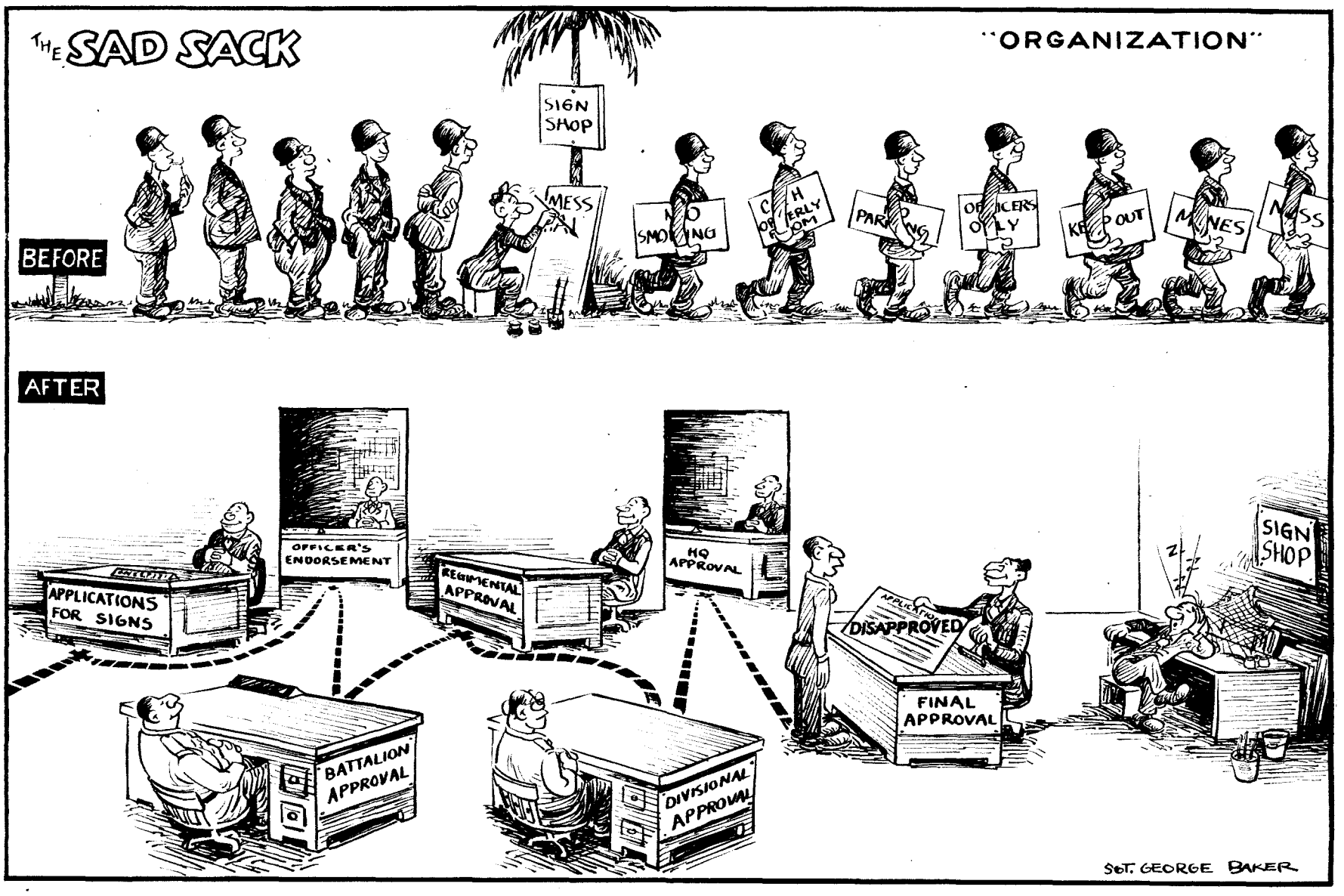


What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

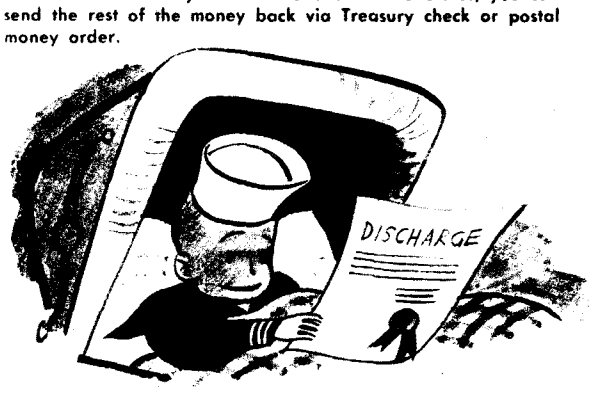
Heavy Dough

Dear YANK:

I have been very lucky with the little white cubes, but I hear tell that I will not be able to bring all my dough back into the States when I finally do get home. The way I get it, I can only bring back $50 in cash. Is that right or is someone kidding me?

Solomon Islands —Pfc. JAMES WALTERS

■ They're kidding you. There is a Treasury regulation putting a $50 limit on the amount of currency that can be brought into the States from certain foreign countries, but it does not apply to military personnel. So don't worry; the dough is all yours. However, if local theater regulations limit the amount of cash you can take back to the States, you can send the rest of the money back via Treasury check or postal money order.



Minority Discharge

Dear YANK:

I was just under 16 when I joined the Navy. Now they have discovered my true age and they are going to discharge me. Is it true that I will get a dishonorable discharge and that I am out of luck on mustering-out pay?

Pacific —WILLIAM HIGGINS 51c

■ The Navy says that if a man is under 17 when he is discharged, his enlistment is canceled and he gets a discharge "under honorable conditions" but no mustering-out pay. If he is over 17 when discharged, he gets the same "under honorable conditions" discharge and mustering-out pay.

Photos Developed

Dear YANK:

A couple of months ago you had an item in your *What's Your Problem?* column in which you stated that GIs who had undeveloped film which they wanted developed should send it to Rochester, N. Y., for development. Recently I tried to send some film to that address and local censorship refused to let me put it through. Doesn't the answer which you gave apply to men in overseas theaters?

Italy —Pvt. JAMES J. REYNOLDS

■ The answer YANK gave was intended to apply only to personnel who had returned to the States from an overseas area. GIs in overseas theaters should refer to their theater or base censors for instructions on the handling of amateur film. Overseas theater commanders have issued instructions on the procedure to be followed in disposing of amateur film in their respective theaters. GIs overseas must not communicate unofficially with Rochester about such film.

Insurance Premiums

Dear YANK:

When I entered the Army I took out a $10,000 GI policy but I kept my civilian insurance going because I found it had no "war clause." Now these premium payments on my civilian insurance are beginning to drive me nuts. My policy calls for four payments of $30 each a year. When I was in the States that was OK; I received my notices of premiums due and paid on the nose. However, mail to this part of the world is not what I'd call reliable. I feel sure that my policy will lapse one of these days because of the mail delays as we move from island to island. Is there any way in which I can have the Army take care of my insurance payments by deducting the money from my pay?

Philippines Cpl. LARRY SMOLLENS

■ You can have the Office of Dependency Benefits do the worrying for you by taking out a Class E allotment to be paid to the insurance company. Although your premiums are due on a quarterly basis, $10 a month will be deducted from your pay and the payments will be made monthly. All insurance companies have agreed to accept the monthly payments from the ODB without regard to the method of payment specified in the policy.

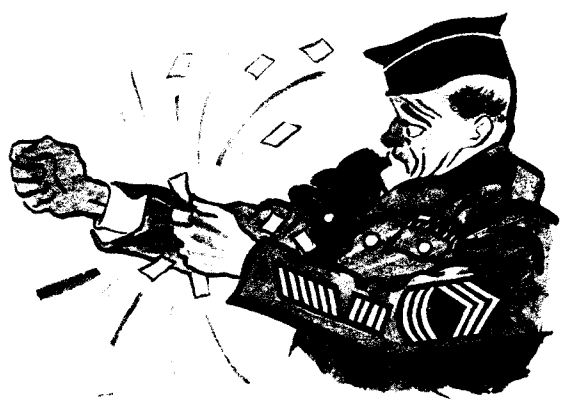
Clothing Allowance

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle a bet and tell me whether Navy enlisted men get a clothing allowance after their first year of service?

Hawaii —Pvt. RICHARD B. KING

■ They do. After each year of service Navy enlisted men receive a clothing allowance which is credited to their pay account each quarter. Chiefs get $18.75 a quarter and all others get $6.25 a quarter.



Clothing Tags

Dear YANK:

After a year and a half in the Army, I find it quite annoying to find some of my equipment still bearing marking tags. I was convinced that I had removed the last of these tags but the other day proved I was wrong. Halfway up the sleeve of a field jacket I found one of the familiar tags. Why does the Quartermaster permit clothing to be bedecked like a Christmas tree?

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Pfc. HERBERT N. ROSEN

■ Assembly-line production of Army uniforms makes it necessary to tag every piece that goes into the making of a garment. The tags prevent a size-36 sleeve from going on a size-40 coat and they also keep certain nearly identical materials from getting mixed up in the same uniform. When all tags correspond on a completed uniform, the manufacturer knows that no mistakes have been made.

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Camp News

Stakes to a Steak

Scott Field, Ill.—When Pfc. Jack Coopersmith of Squadron C arrived at Scott from overseas, one of the first things he did was to take his travel-worn uniform to the cleaners. But, having missed a couple of pay calls, he was financially embarrassed when the time came to call for the clothes. He appealed to the Red Cross and was given a loan to cover the cost of the cleaning and some toilet articles. He asked for a little more—enough for an occasional coke and a steak—but was told that the rules wouldn't permit it.

After paying his cleaning bill, however, he had a few cents left and in a wild and woolly game of "dominoes" parlayed his pennies to enough for a steak. At the PX he was just about to cut into a luscious piece of "medium rare" when he met the accusing eyes of the man next to him—the Red Cross director. —Sgt. HAROLD L. ASEN

BED CHECK

Camp Hood, Tex.—Returning to the barracks after early chow one morning, a rookie went at the task of making up a bunk. He concentrated on the task so intensely that he paid no attention to another trainee standing by until the latter said, "Thanks, buddy. You really know your stuff."

"Cripes," said the rookie after looking around, "I'm in the wrong barracks."

Dead Men Do Tell Tales

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—For the Inquiring Reporter of the post newspaper, the *Polar Tech*, Pvt. William E. Leeds of St. Louis, Mo., answered the question, "What was your closest escape from possible death?" His reply: "I was fooling around with a six-cartridge Colt revolver when I was a kid. I didn't think it was loaded, so I started playing a little game, first clicking the gun at the mirror and then at my head. On the fourth shot a forgotten bullet exploded and the mirror shattered into a thousand pieces."

Two days later eagle-eyed Pvt. Lorris R. Miller wrote in: "Does Pvt. Leeds realize that if his first shot was at the mirror, his fourth shot would be at himself? Brother, he's dead!"

The Navy Lands Again

Camp Gordon, Ga.—While 5,000 soldiers were sitting in the Sports Arena waiting impatiently for the Kay Kyser show to begin, a solitary sailor ambled in, looking for a seat. At the sight of the Navy blue, the soldiers broke into cheers and applause. The Kyser band picked up the cue and cut loose with "Anchors Aweigh."

The sailor, R. B. Boyd SK3c, was a native of Augusta who had just returned from active duty. Asked where he had obtained his ticket, he replied, "That's a Navy secret." —Cpl. BERNARD BLOOM

AROUND THE CAMPS

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.—Pfc. Louis B. Rorer of White Plains, N. Y., a veterinarian who spent two years in Fairbanks, Alaska, is back in the States because of a timber wolf. "The brute was supposed to be tame," said Rorer, "and I was giving him a rabies shot. He slashed my finger." It was so cold up there the wound wouldn't heal. The bone became infected, so Rorer was ordered home.

Fort Lewis, Wash.—It took Pvt. Jordan Young nearly six months to convince his draft board it should call him. He was in Brazil when we entered the war, so he registered with the American Embassy in Rio de Janeiro. When he returned to the States in March 1944, his draft board told him it had no authority to register or draft him because of his registration in Rio.

Brownsville AAB, Tex.—S/Sgt. George Hamod of the AACS received his overseas-shipping orders, effective at once. He wired his new CO requesting an extension of two or three days "to attend to some unfinished business." His CO replied as follows: "Unfinished business over there. Request not granted." —Cpl. P. L. GILMER

Keesler Field, Miss.—Every time the buddies of a certain sergeant slap him on the back and call him by name, the GIs nearby freeze at attention. The reason is that everybody calls the sergeant by his first name instead of the customary "Sarge." He is Sgt. Colonel G. Yates.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—The first two artists who worked on the big mural in Service Club No. 1 received shipping orders while the work was in progress. Pvt. James P. Mealiff, the third to take over, worked in his spare time and finished in five weeks.

Sioux City AAB, Iowa—When a TWX request for 23 Wacs to go overseas arrived at this base, 30 Wacs asked to be sent. Shortly afterward there was another request for 27, and 31 volunteered to go. Both groups are on their way now.

Truax Field, Wis.—Pvt. Winston L. Churchill does not chew big black cigars or settle the world's problems. He is tall, thin, dark and an RM student in Section N.

STILWELL INSPECTS. Back from China, Burma and India and now chief of the AGF, Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell (second from right) follows a trainee through a close-combat course at the IRTC, Fort McClellan, Ala.

WAC HOOP CHAMPS. Cpl. Raymond Huckabee (left) coached this winning basketball team of ATC Wacs stationed at Fairfield-Suisun Army Air Base, Calif. They scored seven wins over other WAC teams.

Pans Gold in Nevada Hills

Reno AAB, Nev.—There can't be many bases in this country where you can come back from a two-mile hike with some freshly panned gold, but it can be done here, and Cpl. John Miller, an instrument specialist, is the man who does it.

A tall, gray-haired GI who looks older than his 39 years, Cpl. Miller makes a hobby of the study and collection of minerals. He has any number of specimens from his home state, Maine, and has added considerably to his collection in his travels from one base to another in the Army. But it wasn't until he was assigned to this ATC base that he took his hobby seriously enough to stake out a claim. He hopes, when he gets around to working it after the war, that his claim will yield copper, silver and tungsten. In the meantime panning for gold has become his recreation.

With pick, shovel, pan and a fluorescent light, he goes to a jagged gully halfway up the mountainside about two miles from the base, and patiently washes tiny particles of gold from the red gravel and black sand of the Nevada soil. A hundred-odd years ago, $16,000 in gold was taken out of this vicinity, practically in one haul, Cpl. Miller says. Last summer he and a friend, hoping to find the source of the gold they had panned, dug a tunnel in the gully, but they dug it too high, the corporal believes. Next summer they plan to dig a lower tunnel, because the vein releasing the gold still has not been found.

Cpl. Miller formerly was engaged in farming, millwork and weaving near Bath, Maine, which he still calls home. One of a large religious family, he carries a Bible with him at all times, whether engaged in his instrument work on C-46 transport planes or prospecting for gold. He has seven brothers in service. —Pvt. KATHERINE S. BELL

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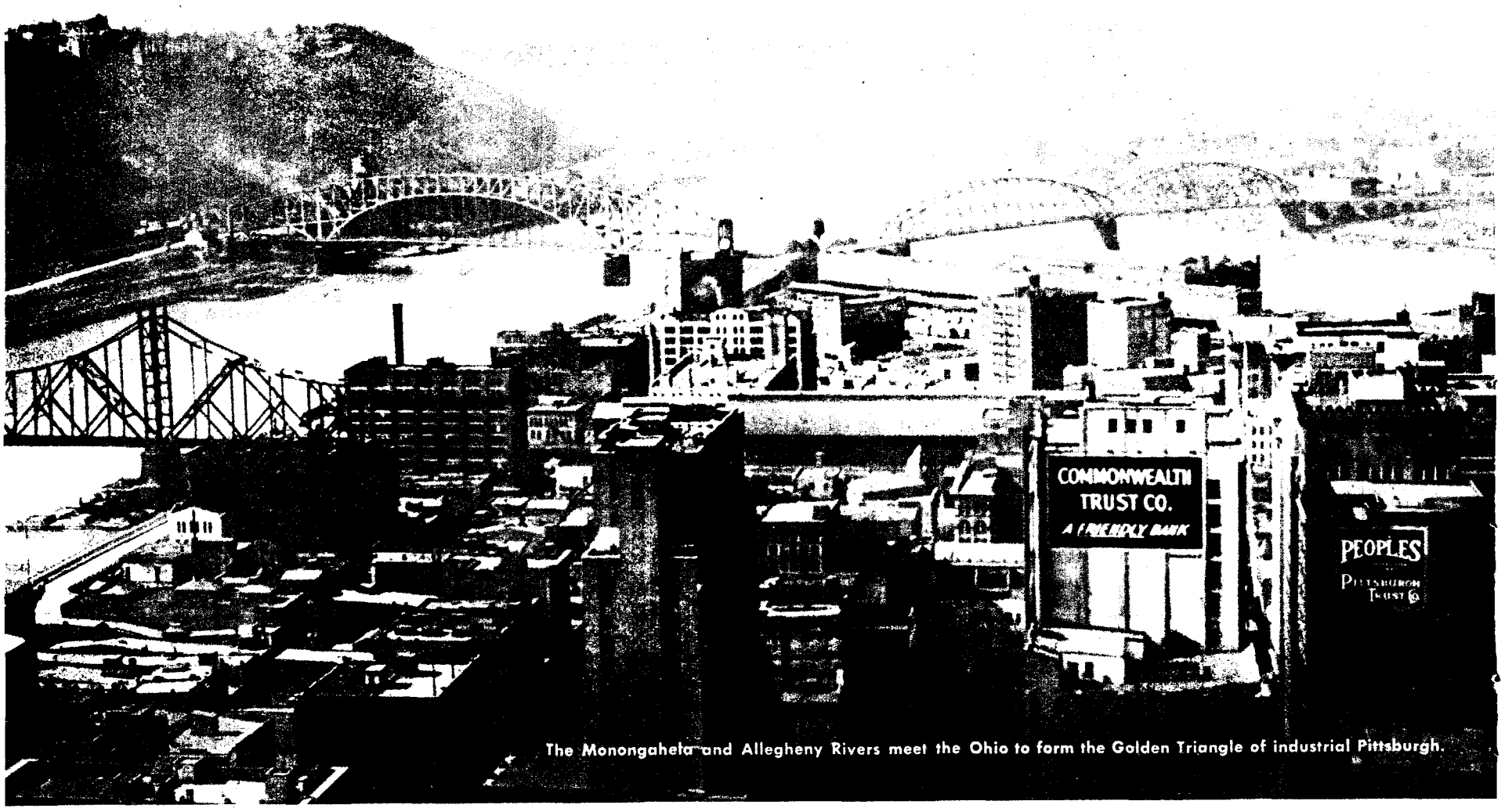
PITTSBURGH, Pa.



The Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers meet the Ohio to form the Golden Triangle of industrial Pittsburgh.

The smog that shrouds the city these days is a symbol of war production in plants and mills.

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The story used to be that the girls in Pittsburgh had such shapely legs because they had to walk up and down so many of the city's hills and the exercise developed their muscles in the right places. Well, the hills are still there and the girls are still there and their legs are just as pretty, but there's far fewer than the usual complement of males to admire them. The hills, we mean.

It takes awhile for you to realize, though, that there has been even that much change in the life of Pittsburgh. It is busier than ever, with the mills along the river flashing a bright backdrop by night to the now-scanty traffic along the Boulevard of the Allies. But the town has been busy before, and to a returning GI the things that are still the same are easier to spot than the changes.

In the winter the snow turns gray just as quickly as ever in most sections and the familiar slush achieves a new tone of black with the help of increased industrial soot. When there isn't snow, this same soot scuts up from the pavements in little black clouds as your shoes strike the ground. You can rest assured that the Smoky City of bad radio jokes is as smoky as ever.

The Pittsburgh that never gets into the jokes is the same, too. South Park and North Park are both lovely in the snow for steak fries by characters who can snare enough ration points, and they're still swell for winter sports. Last spring and summer both parks played host to the usual picnic throngs, which were only a little reduced by the difficulty in getting about on rationed gas. Since Kennywood can be reached by trolley, the amusement park has enjoyed a boom, with furloughing GIs subtracting a note of color from the crowds.

You don't see as many soldiers in town as you might expect. Camp Reynolds at Greenville, Pa., is the only camp situated near enough to Pittsburgh for GIs stationed there to take advantage of overnight passes to visit the city. There are a few MPs around, of course, and even some SPs. There are some Ordnance guys lucky enough to be stationed in the town itself, checking and doing the paper work on the district's war production, and there are GIs at Pitt and Tech.

But because the ASTP was curtailed last year, there are fewer men in uniform taking courses at the colleges. The GIs are almost the only male students the colleges have. The few civilian co-legians are either exceedingly 4-F or painfully young and downy. But the co-ed population has increased during the war. There are girls, girls, girls on all the campuses.

The OD students get worked reasonably hard to balance the luck of being stationed in the United States. For a while Pitt GIs lived cosily in the fraternity houses along Forbes Street, but that was too good to last, and the Army has bundled them off to the Cathedral, where they sleep in disciplined rows in the drafty Gothic skyscraper and have reveille, retreat and so on.

Most of the GIs you see on the streets during the day or in the night spots in the evenings are lucky guys on pre-embarkation or just-back-from-overseas furloughs. There aren't enough of them to give Pittsburgh even the illusion of being a military town, but just as a gesture of something or other the local Provost Marshal has hung his off-limits sign on a couple of bars.

Diamond Street is still the home of the low-price double-header shot, and the Casino is still one of the nation's last stands of old-fashioned burlesque. The Nixon has had good theatrical seasons, getting a lot of road companies playing New York hits. It caters to fewer try-outs, though, since in these times of uncertain transportation most untested shows hesitate to make the long trek from Broadway. The Playhouse on Craft Avenue still puts on the most polished and popular semipro theatricals in the city, and the little lounge is still jammed at night and on Sundays.

There are still the same one-man clubs designed to outwit the early-closing laws for bars, and they still have incredible names like the Benjamin Harrison Literary Association and the St. Cecilia Society. The Continental Bar of the William Penn, the Nixon Cafe, Al Mecur's Music Bar on Graeme Street and the Gay Nineties Room of the Hotel Henry continue to pack in customers of an evening and it is at places like these, after nightfall, that you begin to notice the manpower shortage, nonindustrial. There are tables with three or four girls and only one guy, and tables with just three or four girls. And when you see a girl with a date she usually is so self-satisfied that you can't get a good look at her face for the glow on it. The Henry Bar has a sign on the mirror which reads: "UNESCORTED LADIES WILL NOT BE SERVED IN THIS ROOM AFTER 6 P.M."

YOU'LL be able to find practically any landmark you look for. The stone eagles where the boulevard hits Grant Street, across from the *Post-Gazette* building, are dirtier than ever, but columnist Charley Danver has given up his crusade to have them cleaned. He figures that the smoke that sullies them is proud evidence of war production and cleaning can wait on peace.

Cold industrial statistics prove Charley's point as convincingly as the smog on the eagles. Late last year Army Ordnance officials revealed that over one-half of all the 8-inch artillery shells produced in the United States came out of the Pittsburgh Ordnance District. And 8-inch shells are only part of the production story.

The steel mills are probably the district's biggest contributors of war materiel, and they have been going full blast since before Pearl Harbor. Though the winter's fuel shortage hampered some of them, they hit their highest production record to date in the week of Feb. 28—an estimated 39,860 tons or 92 percent of capacity.

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In many of the mills you'll find young girls and women doing men's jobs—running donkey engines in the plants, loading cars and such like. Many are trying to fill the place of an absent GI husband or honey. Others have gone into war plants simply because they are needed or because they like the cash. But most of them seem to have no ambition to hang onto their industrial jobs come the peace. At Jones and Laughlin's South Side works the plant manager could think of only one girl who wanted to carry on after the war—her husband had been killed overseas.

In plants like Pittsburgh Equitable Meter and other manufacturers of finished products where some girls worked even in peacetime, the feminine increase has been tremendous. At the Westinghouse Company's East Pittsburgh works, women employees have been known to break into she-wolf whistles at the sight of a serviceman—all in the spirit of good clean fun.

Aluminum is booming and Pittsburgh, with New Kensington up the river, is still the center of aluminum production in spite of the vast expansion of the industry elsewhere. Special alloy steels, machine tools, coal, electrical equipment, glass and manufactured items of almost every kind are high on the list of Pittsburgh products in the war. On Neville Island, the Dravo Corporation turns out PT boats and various other craft for the Navy. They go down the Ohio to the Mississippi and thence to sea and action. The three rivers are crowded with the traffic that keeps Pittsburgh a leading inland port.

PITTSBURGH has no new wrinkles to add to the food and cigarette shortages found in all cities. Shopping housewives queue up early in the mornings at Donahue's and other food stores to get first grabs at products rumored to be due for rationing. Cigar stores along Liberty, at the worst of the tobacco famine, offered Longfellows—those 10-cent dictator-size banquet smokes—as their only available cigarettes. In drug stores you can still get Tast-T-Lemmon and Lem-N-Blend, the fruit juice drinks native to western Pennsylvania.

The migration of Pittsburghers to the suburbs—Mt. Lebanon, South Hills and the like—continues. There hasn't been much new building since the war, but the North Side and the East End are becoming business districts and shopping centers. Squirrel Hill around Forbes and Murray is turning into a little East Liberty, and East Liberty is increasingly like "downtown."

The housing shortage in Pittsburgh—as in every other large American city—is acute. The population has increased, with the influx of industrial workers from outside more than balancing the drain of the Army. The Army itself has run into the housing problem and has taken over the old Municipal Hospital on Bedford Street as an MP barracks.

Footloose MPs and their freedom-loving prisoners used to escape through the back windows of the hospital, but this hole has been plugged. Arlington Heights on the South Side is the only recent substantial housing development.

McKeesport is as overcrowded as Pittsburgh since U. S. Steel moved its Elwood City plant there. Homestead has been half torn down to make room for a new steel plant. The area razed included most of the old red-light district that radiated from Third and Dixon.

Along Fifth Avenue beyond Oakland you'll notice that the old show-place homes are either demolished or dilapidated. Taxes and the love of fresh air have driven most of the wealthy out of town to Sewickly or Fox Chapel. The big, gently sloping lawns and the elaborate gardens are turning into weed patches. Here and there a garage left standing has been rented as a house. The migration to the country would probably have been even faster if the gas shortage hadn't strangled transportation to and from town.

There are more of the new streamlined red streetcars than before, and fewer taxis. There haven't been any new taxis since the war and the old ones are developing creaks. Up on Wylie, in the Hill District, they still have free-lance, non-licensed taxis driven by local boys for music lovers who have stayed up till curfew listening to Honey Boy pound on the drums.

Pittsburgh is full of talk about expansion and improvement schemes for post-war days when construction limitations will be lifted. Last fall City Works Director Frank M. Roessing submitted to the Federal Works Administration a report proposing an expenditure of almost $36,000,000 for the first six years of peace.

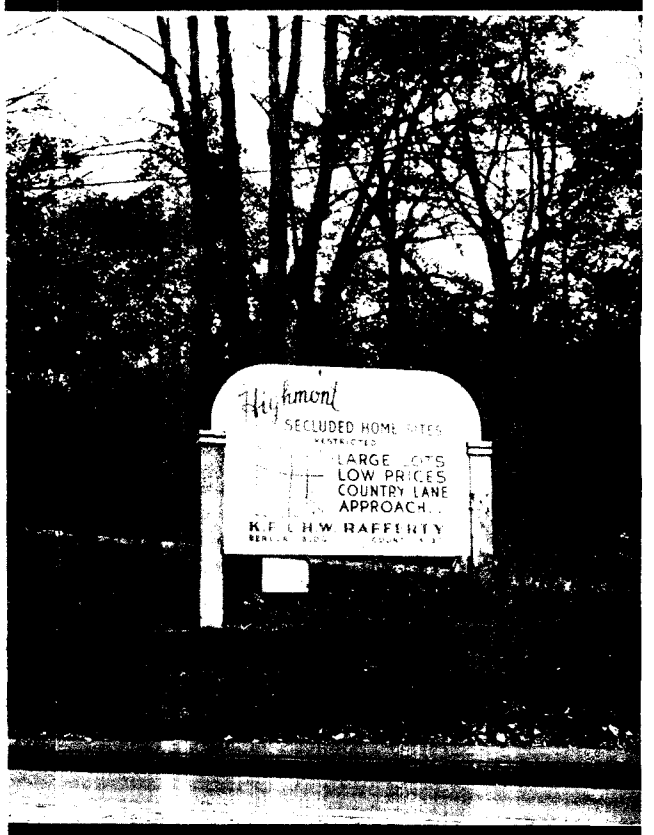
These projects embrace everything from 50 miles of armored curbing to 36 new public buildings—mostly police stations and fire houses. Some of the improvements can be begun as soon as Federal authorities give a green light—things like the repaving of Barbeau, Kirkpatrick, Smallman and South 27th Streets and construction of new sewers on Penn, Lemington and North Avenues. Other improvements, still in the blueprint stage, are the repaving of the Bloomfield and Manchester bridges and the widening of the south approach to the latter. Still ideas, not yet even on paper, are 36 public buildings and six stations for the City Highway Department.

Roessing's report doesn't include major long-term projects like the proposed $25,000,000 Pitt Parkway, the $15,000,000 restoration plan which will turn Fort Pitt into a park and the $6,000,000 Crosstown Boulevard. Most such big-time operations will be financed jointly by national, county and state governments.

Meanwhile the new streetcars and the old automobiles—and the absence of any cars at all in the dealers' windows—are the changes that you'd most likely spot right off. The sight of soldiers drilling on the Pitt Campus would probably catch your eye, and you'd be struck by the number of slacks if you drifted into any industrial plant. But mostly Pittsburgh is the same. Just a little bigger and busier and dirtier.

The girls' legs are the same as ever.

Kahn's Bar & Grill on Murray Avenue carries on with proprietor Lew Kahn still behind the bar.



Weeds grow over the lawns of the old houses that face on Fifth Avenue. This is Fifth near Shady.

On Fourth Avenue, the old Bank of Pittsburgh is now a parking lot; only its front still stands.

Dorothy Nesbit, from her piano in the Hotel Henry Gay Nineties, entertains a mostly feminine crowd.

People still meet "under the clock" at Kaufmann's department store, downtown on Smithfield Street.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

AT a forward observation post on Iwo Jima, a marine calls out range instructions to be relayed to artillery and mortar units. He and the two other spotters have located the exact position of an enemy machine gun nest.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—USMC. 2—PA. 3—INP. 4—Upper left & right and lower right, PA; lower left, Pfc. A. L. Farnum, MC. 5—Upper, AAF; lower, Cpl. O'Neill. 7—Acme. 8—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 9—Left & center, Sgt. Kenny; right, INP. 10—PA. 11—Ladd Field Photo Section. 12—Upper left, Cpl. Roger Wrenn; lower left, USCG; lower right, PA; others, Signal Corps. 13—Center left, AAF; lower left, Acme; lower right, WW; others, Signal Corps. 15—Upper right, PRO Fort McClellan, Ala.; lower right, ATC Fairfield-Suisun AAB, Calif.; center, PRO Reno AAB, Nev. 16 & 17—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 20—Universal. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, Riverdale Children's Assn.

Correction: No Firearms

Dear YANK:

Please let me take this opportunity to express my appreciation for your wonderful periodical. You may rest assured that it is read from cover to cover by all the officers and enlisted men at this station. It is usually the first medium to disseminate information regarding directives, which usually take some time to filter down through channels. However, I wish to call to your attention your article entitled "Souvenir Savvy."

This article, by the YANK Washington Bureau, is written contrary to directives of Headquarters, ETOUSA, and gives every returning officer and GI the impression that they can take with them to the Z of I enemy firearms of all descriptions, as well as mail back home carbines and other small arms, property of the U. S. Government. You cite in this article *WD Cir. No. 353 1944*, but you will note the article failed to recognize the significance of Par. 3b(3) of Sec. III of the above-mentioned WD circular, which states that the theater commander will determine what can be carried by personnel returning to the Z of I.

For your information I wish to call your attention to *Circular 84, ETOUSA, 1944* series, Sec. iii thereof, which specifically states that firearms, enemy or otherwise, in whole or in part, cannot be retained, carried or mailed by U. S. personnel to the Z of I. It is hoped that you will correct this false impression created in the article at the earliest possible time, as it will create a feeling of resentment by all personnel returning to the Z of I, as under no circumstances will they be allowed to carry with them to the Z of I the equipment mentioned in your article, regardless of any certificate they obtain from their superior officer.

Your cooperation in the matter will greatly facilitate our work at the various replacement centers.

Britain —Col. WILLIAM A. GAYLE

In Defense of MPs

Dear YANK:

The men in my MP outfit are really burned up after reading Pvt. Curt McCoy's rebuke of MPs in a recent *Mail Call*. It strikes us that Pvt. McCoy is just snappin' his cap because he made a mistake in violating speed regulations and got caught doin' it.

I have been an MP for over 3½ years and I have yet to witness any other GI, or group of GIs, dog robbin' for the MPs. If anything, it's the other way round.

Obviously, it has never occurred to Pvt. McCoy that a lot of MPs are (and have been for some time) at the front lines. Who is it that greets the forward echelon of U. S. personnel when they advance to a position that had just been cleared of the enemy? The MPs, naturally. But, then, the rear echelon wouldn't know about that. . . .

Burma —Pfc. PETER E. GARRITY

Dear YANK:

. . . Does Pvt. McCoy know that every beachhead landing has MP personnel who direct movements of troops and materiel right in the line of fire? Does he also know that the MP detachment in India which he so bitterly condemns has received high commendations on its training at home (Infantry training) and the thanks of legions of GIs in India who arrived in a theater strange in custom and weird in living conditions from an American viewpoint?

Pvt. McCoy mentions something about four or five MPs in a jeep parked on a roadside ready to pounce on an unwary GI. This is to advise him that we are one of the few MP units in India and as such we recently oriented about 20 men in MP duties. This was the only conceivable time that four or five MPs could be seen in one jeep. . . .

India —Pvt. HARRY ROSENBERG*

*Also signed by 152 others.

Dear YANK:

In response to Pvt. Curt McCoy's article on "How To End the War," I'd like to add a few remarks. The MPs don't make laws, they enforce them. The orders are set down by the post, camp and station commanders. . . .

Too many soldiers take advantage of an MP who takes it easy on them. A lot of soldiers think the "Out of Bounds" signs are placed in certain areas to curtail their fun. One should walk through the venereal-disease wards to find out just why those signs are placed in those areas. Yes, we have a definite job to do and we're going to do it. . . .

Burma —Sgt. HAROLD DYKSTRA

Dear YANK:

. . . If Pvt. McCoy was still a rookie his gripe could be excused; but he has been in the service long enough to know that orders are orders and they will be carrid out no matter what organization he may be in. . . .

What would his home town be like without a police force?

Iran —Pvt. JOHN E. ANDERSON*

*Also signed by the rest of the men of Company D, 727th MP Battalion.

The War Goes On

Dear YANK:

I have read a lot of bitching in *Mail Call* and now I have one that tops them all. Being in a casual detachment makes me subject to any detail that comes along, but being marched in front of officers for a show is the last damn straw.

Today some jeep came in the barracks for a 10-man detail. Of course I went, and there were about 40 more in the same situation as myself. We went to the theater and some officer (supposed to be) came out and told us that they were giving a show for some visiting brass, but it was pretty dull and we were to walk in front of the stage to give them a laugh. I guess we are here just to give them (officers) something to laugh at. Nothing overseas ever happened like this, and if they would only send me back, then I would be very happy.

Kingman AAF, Ariz. —(Name Withheld)

Officers' Whisky

Dear YANK:

. . . Why is it that only officers are entitled to a whisky ration down here in the Pacific? Is it because an enlisted man can't hold his liquor? If that is the case, then I believe the whisky ration should be done away with altogether because there are some officers who can't hold liquor as well as an EM can.

If whisky were rationed to EM it would do away with a lot of illegal drinking that goes on down this way, which undoubtedly affects a man's health, such as the drinking of butterfly rum, butterfly brandy, cheap wine and other lousy alcohols that a drinking man will drink when there is no good liquor to be had. . . .

We do get a small beer ration out this way. A few bottles a month, but who in hell wants to sit and drink warm beer when someone else is enjoying good mainland whisky?

Pacific —Sgt. E. J. DAMICO*

*Also signed by six others.

Government Salaries

Dear YANK:

Recently I read that there is a movement on foot to give members of Congress a raise in pay. Without entering into any debate as to whether or not such a raise is now justified, a question rises in my mind as to whether or not, in cases where salary raises for United States Government employees are affected, it would not be more efficient to give larger income-tax exemptions instead of salary raises. The same result would be accomplished with a larger income-tax exemption or no income tax at all; the deserving employee would have more money in his pockets at the end of the year than if he got an increase in compensation.

Why do we now give congressmen, servicemen and others who receive government compensation a sum of money and say to them, "We will require you to give some of it back at income-tax time"? Abolishment of income tax on money received from Government compensation would result in a great saving of paper work, expense, manpower and headaches. . . .

Italy —Sgt. JAMES S. GOODE

One Man's War

Dear YANK:

Not that it would interest anyone in particular, but I'd like very much to record the following events for posterity:

World Affairs	My Contribution
Attu invaded	On KP.
Kiska occupied	Latrine duty.
Tarawa landing	Barracks orderly.
D-Day in France	Signed 104th for having sleeves up.
Return to the Philippines	Squadron meeting.
Nazis murder 150 Yanks in cold blood	CO spent 2 minutes on war news and 20 minutes on keeping your shoes shined.
Great Russian offensive	Worked on B-24s. (Someone must have slipped up on that day.)

The topper? My wife, an Army nurse, is in France and I am in the States.

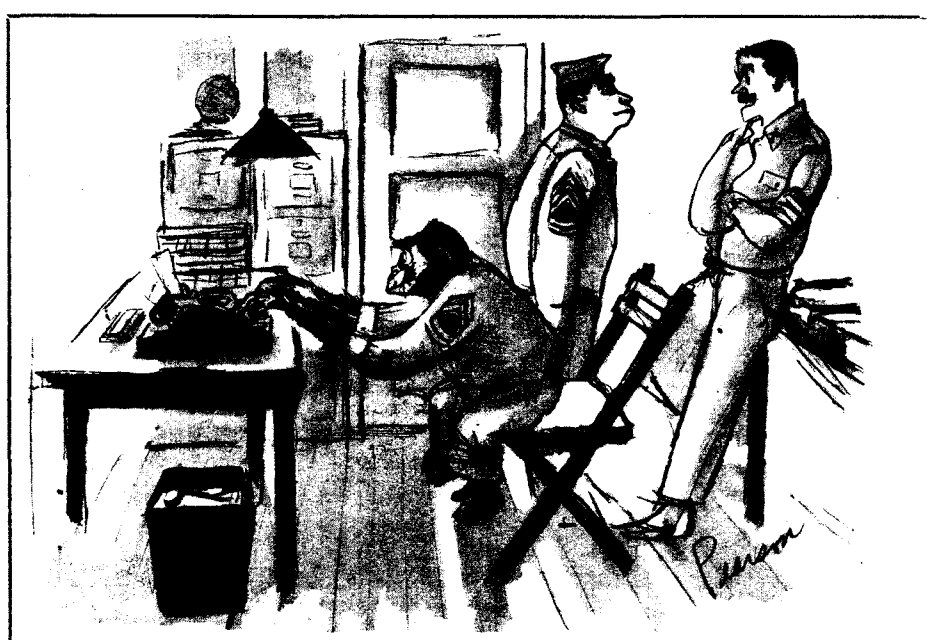
Tonopah, Nev. —Cpl. ALBERT BARON

An Officer Complains

Dear YANK:

. . . We officers of line companies, company commanders and platoon leaders are fighting this war over here, without the wearing of insignia of rank and without title, being called by various nicknames, mine being too ribald for tender ears. We take as many hardships and chances as the men. We must always be out in front, for, unless we are, the men are reticent about being aggressive. We are merely another rifleman but with responsibility. Yet what is our recognition? Like the aid men, we are taken for granted and when any benefits of a pecuniary nature or postwar opportunity are offered, we are overlooked.

In most cases the junior officers are unmarried, and most noncoms of marital status make more money than we do. The base pay of a first lieutenant is $166.67, and for foreign service he gets 10 percent of that base pay. He is allowed about $75 for quarters—an allowance which he never sees but which we figure we are paying for a foxhole or pillbox sans hot



"What makes you think finding your own replacement makes you eligible for rotation?"

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and cold running water. He is allowed $.1 a month for meals, and we pay at the rate of 25 cents a meal (about $23.30 a month) and many times the meal consists of C or K ration. We all have the Combat Infantry Badge, but that does not entitle an officer to the $10 each month which goes with this award.

Now the enlisted man. All his worries and cares, outside of the physical hardships and mental dilemmas, are taken care of by officers of the various branches. Besides his base pay he collects 20 percent for foreign service, $10 for the Combat Infantry Award, and he has access to the Soldiers Deposit which gives 4-percent interest. Then the enlisted man gets monetary recognition for certain medals he earns. Warrant officers get 20-percent foreign-service pay and reap many of the advantages given the GI. But the officer is always forgotten. . . .

But here's the pay-off. I refer you to the educational facilities offered to servicemen and women after the war; specifically, to the pamphlet put out by the University of Minnesota, General Extension Division, Correspondence Study Department, Schedule D for U. S. Armed Forces Institute: ". . . The Government will pay one-half the total (not to exceed $20 for any one course) for officers and enlisted personnel in the Navy, Marines, Coast Guard and Waves, and for enlisted personnel in the Army and WAC. . . ."

I cannot understand why the distinction or the ignoring of Army officers. . . . I am the last one in the world to look for favors or money advantages, but we officers are plenty sore and wonder what is the score. Most of us have risen from the ranks. The discrimination certainly does not rest lightly with us.

—Lt. F. P. O'FLAHERTY

Netherlands East Indies

ASTP and the Navy

Dear YANK:

We read in *Navy Notes* that the Navy is seeking men between 19 and 29 with language background for enrollment in their Oriental Language Program at Boulder, Colo.

To us this is just another illustration of the lamentable lack of coordination between the Army and the Navy training programs. Why does the Navy have to look high and low to uncover men with language ability? Don't they know that there are hundreds of former ASTP men with 3 to 13 months of language study, now filling jobs in the Army in no way connected with their training? Many of these men have studied the specific languages which the Navy now considers important, viz., Chinese, Japanese, Malay and Russian.

Why can't these Army men (those still in the States) be transferred to the Navy where they can be much better utilized than they are now?

Camp Ritchie, Md. —(Names Withheld)

Discharge Uniform

Dear YANK:

You stated some time ago that the GI would be discharged with only one complete uniform, and all other clothing revoked. What we would like to know is why don't they let the GI keep his clothing issue. We are sure that the majority of this clothing will be destroyed. Many servicemen will have spent from two to six years in the service, and will go back to normal life finding their civilian clothes will not fit, if they have any, and will have no money to buy new clothes. Sure, we get a mustering-out pay, but there will be hundreds of things to do with that. Due to the great demand for civilian clothing at the time of demobilization, you may not be able to buy sufficient clothes. You certainly won't be able to buy clothes the first day you're home, and one uniform won't go far as work and dress clothes.

In our opinion it would be a great asset to the serviceman, and also the Government, if he were permitted to keep his clothing issue. How about that, fellows?

South Pacific —S/Sgt. L. S. OLSZOWY*

*Also signed by three others.

Doesn't Like Beer

Dear YANK:

We have been over here in India 15 months and have been getting our beer rations regularly every month, but there are a number of fellows, myself included, that don't like beer. We wonder why something can't be done about this. Why not a few cases of coke or some other soft drink for us poor unfortunates who don't like beer?

India —T/5 JACK L. YOUNGLOVE*

*Also signed by Pfc. Bruce Worl, T-5 Carl W. Johnson and Pvt. H. Anderson.

"Anyway, the names aren't so hard to pronounce now."

Pallas Athena

Dear YANK:

As a former Greek student at the citadel of classicism, Brooklyn Boys' High School, I really must set you straight on Pallas Athena, whose symbol is worn by the WAC. You stated, quite correctly, that she was the goddess of *a*) War and *b*) Wisdom. However, you failed to mention that she was even more famous as the goddess of *c*) Virginity. (Perhaps virginity, in wartime at least, should be given a higher rating than *c*). Don't forget that when the Athenians built a temple for her, it was called the Parthenon —from the Greek word *parthenos* meaning "virgin."

I leave to you, or to some other modern Aristotle, the philosophical task of showing the relationship of *a*) War and *b*) Wisdom; *a*) War and *c*) Virginity; and *b*) Wisdom and *c*) Virginity. . . .

Arlington, Va. —Maj. FRANKLIN F. RUSSELL

European OPA

Dear YANK:

Much has been said on the subject of American soldiers saving for a rainy day, advising them not to spend their money in occupied countries due to shortages of many popular items and because natives of these countries unscrupulously foster the black market. When Americans are advised, warned or ordered not to do something, that's when they do it.

Statistics recently published indicate that American troops overseas are saving their money to such an extent that even the brass in Washington is now smiling benignly. However, every soldier, regardless of his combat status, has hopes of some day visiting one or more of the liberated capitals of Europe. What does he discover? The natives, at the approach of the Americans, have boosted prices almost beyond his reach.

In the U. S. there is the OPA. Ceiling prices have been established to cope with everybody's pocketbook. Why not establish an agency in these countries until the crisis is over, our troops withdrawn and Europe has regained normalcy? The populace of these countries would profit by curbing prices, and Allied soldiers wouldn't feel that they are suckers to be fighting at all.

France —M/Sgt. J. P. SULLIVAN*

*Also signed by four others.

Compulsory War Bonds

Dear YANK:

. . . By what authority may an order be put out requiring enlisted men to have Class B (War Bonds) allotments taken from their pay before they are eligible to receive three-day passes and furloughs? This prevails on Yuma Army Air Field. . . .

All of us would buy them (and some of us already are) if we were able, but a lot of us have family obligations, and an infrequent, inexpensive three-day pass is our chief source of relaxation.

Yuma, Arizona —(Names Withheld)*

*Signed by 16 EM.

Buzz-Bomb Volunteers

Dear YANK:

So we don't believe in indiscriminate bombing, huh? I think anyone who has sweated out those German fly bombs will heartily agree with me that we had better change that belief, especially those of us who have buddies in hospitals that were hit by the buzz bombs and those of us who have helped carry nurses and other helpless victims of *Der Fuehrer's* death weapon out of these ruins. I think at this time a few hundred thousand of these lovely new fly bombs which we have but don't believe in using would put the fear of God into the German people. Why in the hell should we have scruples with a bunch of bloodthirsty maniacs? The German people themselves have sanctioned the weapon.

I have 50 volunteers, all of whom are plenty mad. If the bombs and ramps are sent to us, we will spend days at regular work and our nights returning bombs we receive each day. We really would enjoy being indiscriminate to those lovely German people who murder our wounded and our heroic little nurses.

France —T/Sgt. JOSEPH ISMAY Jr.

Latrine Guard

Dear YANK:

Only a short time ago I was surprised by the event I saw one night in New Guinea. I found a guard posted at the latrine, guarding the roll of toilet tissue, seeing that no one stole it. I've been in the Army over two years now, but never have I seen anything like this before.

Netherlands East Indies —Cpl. B. L. JOLLEY

Dear YANK:

. . . Here's one for the books. As casuals at a replacement depot, waiting transportation back to our units, we were halted by a guard asking for passes—passes, mind you—to enter an EM latrine. This latrine had no other designation than EM.

New Guinea —Pfc. DONALD SCHMITT*

*Also signed by Pfc. Roy W. Shifflit and Sgt. Floyd Seibert.

Credit for Nurses

Dear YANK:

Being a patient at the 20th General Hospital, it has come to my attention that the American nurses haven't been given as much credit as they deserve. They're doing a swell job of it.

Many of them have been here for two years or more, and I believe most of them will stick it out for the duration. That's what I call the good old American spirit of the American women.

I'm thanking them from the bottom of my heart for their swell services. So what do you say? Let's give them a good cheer.

India —Pvt. EDWARD CORNICELLI

Class Z Movies

Dear YANK:

For the past year we were stationed on a tiny mid-Pacific island where our only entertainment after a hard day's work was the movies. The trouble was that the great majority of these movies weren't just plain bad—they stunk!

Admittedly, movies are fine for the morale provided there's a fair plot and the characters weren't exhumed for the occasion. Believe it or not, it's a fact that a large number of enlisted men in the armed forces are fairly intelligent, and it's an insult to our intelligence to show some of these class Z pictures that so often find their way to our theaters and yet expect the men to enjoy them.

I believe I'm right in assuming that just one of these sub-standard pictures uses enough material to make many thousand rolls of ordinary camera film. Yet it's a rare occasion when my wife is able to buy a roll of film so that I may have pictures of my family, which is something a GI really appreciates.

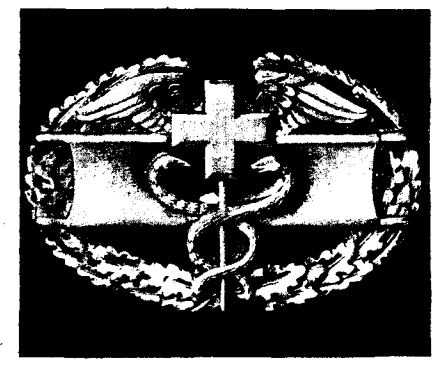
Pacific —GEORGE L. CARRIER S1c

Strictly GI

Gen. Arnold's Report. Fighter pilots and bomber crews may soon have to dodge bullets while they're in training for combat. A new plastic .30-caliber frangible bullet that breaks up harmlessly upon contact with armor as light as ⅛-inch dural plate was described by Gen. H. H. Arnold, CG AAF, in his second report to the Secretary of War. The bullet is now in the final development stage and its use will be incorporated into all AAF flexible-gunnery training. Gen. Arnold said he believes firing real bullets at real planes will give the boys in training more incentive for accurate shooting.

Gen. Arnold's report contained a reminder that large numbers of robot bombs, reconstructed from the Nazis' V-1 with modifications and improvements, have been ordered for test-firing by the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field, and that our own models "will soon be available for possible use."

The CG had a good word for AAF mobile weather stations, such as are operating on the Himalaya Mountains, on the plateaus of central China, in Pacific jungles and in many spots in France and Italy. Wherever possible, such stations are transported on trucks or jeeps, but in the Southwest Pacific weather and communications men, working as a team, have had to lug their equipment onto beachheads on their backs. One of the first mobile weather stations was that landed on the Salerno beachhead in September 1943.



Medics' Badge. The War Department has authorized a badge for medics who have served with the medical detachments of Infantry regiments or smaller units since the war started. The award carries no additional pay at present, but there is a bill before Congress to give its winners the same $10-a-month extra paid to combat infantrymen. Medics up to and including captain are eligible. Regimental surgeons, regardless of rank, also can get it.

The badge is elliptical and of silver metal. It shows a litter, a Geneva cross, the striking snakes of the Medical Department caduceus and a wreath of oak leaves. It will be worn on the left breast above decorations and ribbons.

Jet-Propelled Plane. "Fastest fighter in existence" is the description tied onto the new P-80, the AAF's first jet-propelled combat plane, by its manufacturers, Lockheed and the General Electric Company. Unlike the P-59 Airacomet, a Bell-built twin-engined jet fighter-trainer, the P-80 is powered by a single gas-turbine engine. The new ship, called the Shooting Star, has hydraulic aileron boosters for maneuverability at high speeds, and electrically operated flaps. It can carry heavy loads of ammunition, photo equipment, bombs and fuel, and has a pressurized cabin equipped for pilot "G" suits that ease the discomfort and danger of sharp turns and pull-outs. A small maintenance crew can make a complete engine change in 15 minutes.

First announcement of production of the Shooting Star came from Gen. H. H. Arnold. He didn't say when the ship would get into combat.

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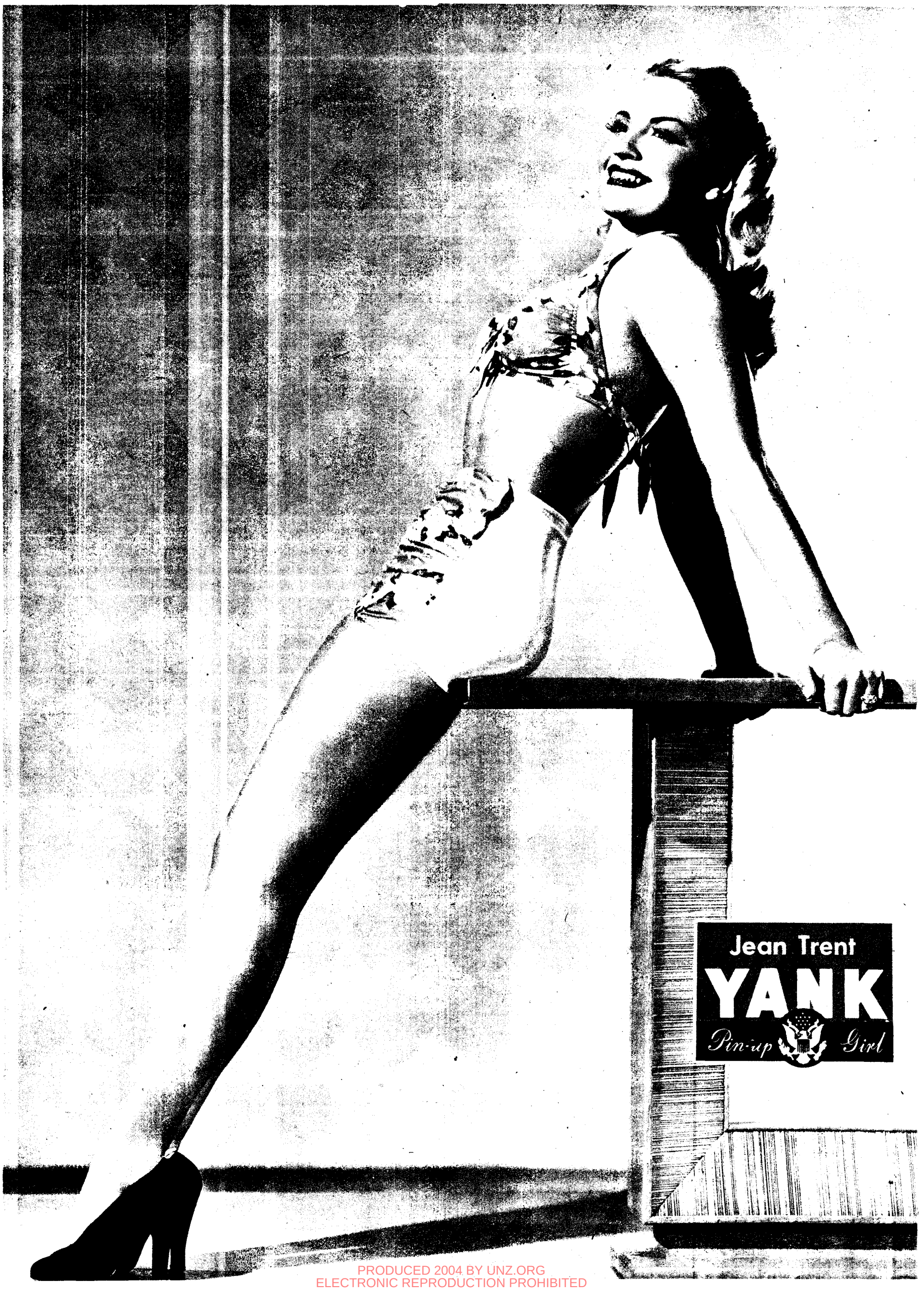

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The Poets Cornered

LET THE PEOPLE COME

When this is done, let all the people come
From all the lands of earth and walk around
The tattered world. Let them be awed, struck dumb
By what they see. Show them the battleground,
The shattered tanks, the buried guns, the stones
Of cities where the bombers passed. Point out
The graves of men or, where they fell, the bones
Of those who died too slow and did without.

Show them the worst of what there is to see:
Let them be sickened, horrified, aghast;
But let them look and feel and touch and be
Aware that Future's signpost is the Past,
That these might happen soon again. Let these
Be War's last great advertisement for Peace.

SCSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

THOUGHTS FROM A BOMBER

Which cynical god
In the arrangement of things
Placed this woman
Squatting on a hillside
Near where the ox flings
Moist clods
From an impatient hoof

And gave her
The inscrutable passion
For silent,
Unfeeling stoicism
That moves her to fashion
A tool from
Pieces of blasted roof

'Neath which once
She lived and weaned the child
That today raises
An innocent face
To squint curiously at the wild
Silver bird, once deadly
And now so aloof?

Did this god
Know that from the sky
Men would look
Down at primitive toil
And have time to wonder why
The past lived on
Despite the future's proof?

Saipan —Sgt. STAN FLINK

SOAP AND WATER

You might think this nonsense and so much palaver
Till you've gone for a month and not even seen lather.
I think someone said that a bath is a bath
When a man's in a tub and can both sing and laugh,
With no one to watch him or tell him to hurry
And soapsuds are flitting about in a flurry.
I've bathed in canteen cups and helmets and cans,
I've gone for three weeks without washing my hands,
But I think if I ever get out of this war
I'll live in a bathtub for time evermore.

Just give me a tub that is porcelain-lined,
With nice tiled floors, and I'll soon be reclined
The full length of that lovely container of water
And neither my wife nor my son nor my daughter,
Through threat or enticement, shall lure from his lair
The father they love. They can pull out their hair,
They can rave, they can rant, they can scream, they can roar;
But I'll smile and remember this bathtubless war,
And I'll lie midst the wonderful soapsuds, I think,
Till my skin and my soul are a rose-petal pink.

France —Cpl. JOHN E. ABEL Jr.

—T-5 Paul Eismann, New Caledonia

SAKI MISSED ME

(Apologies to Leigh Hunt and Jennie)

Saki missed me on patrol,
Peeking from the tree he hid in!
Clerk who checks the morning roll,
Kindly note I ain't been did in!
Mark me AWOL, eat me out,
Say I'm ailing when you list me,
Say I'm late, but never doubt:
Saki missed me!

New Caledonia —S/Sgt. IRA J. WALLACH

IMPRESSION OF THE RAIN

Upon the silent windowpane,
Released from bonds, oblivion bound,
Resound, resound
The milling drops of rain.

Interned and segregated from the clouds,
The heralding murmurs sweep
In crude, transparent shrouds,
Asleep, asleep.

He, instance-bound, adheres
To milling fury and the warning tone,
Alone, alone,
The sheltered and his tears.

New Guinea —T-5 HARRY ECKSTEIN

SONG OF THE EMPTY MAN

I am the empty man who died an empty death.
Not on the seas, clutched by sinuous tentacles of depth,
Not on high rocks, bruising against the granite,
Nor in forests on a couch of pine.

With mud and dirt cutting my breath,
My dying phrases anticlimaxed oratory,
Frustrated and denied, I turned and bent
Beneath the weight of loathsome slime,
Saw the last dot of blue erased by black
And felt the rasp of gravel in my throat.

Nor did I perish at the battle's height,
In times of glory, famous deeds, heroic circumstances.
Much more prosaically, grotesquely too—
Amusing and grotesque I almost laughed
Before my tongue was blocked and I was dead.

It was so long ago, I can hardly remember;
The time was morning and the month November;
The day, strangely enough, was the eleventh.
I am the empty man who died an empty death.

Newfoundland —Pvt. LAURIAT LANE Jr.

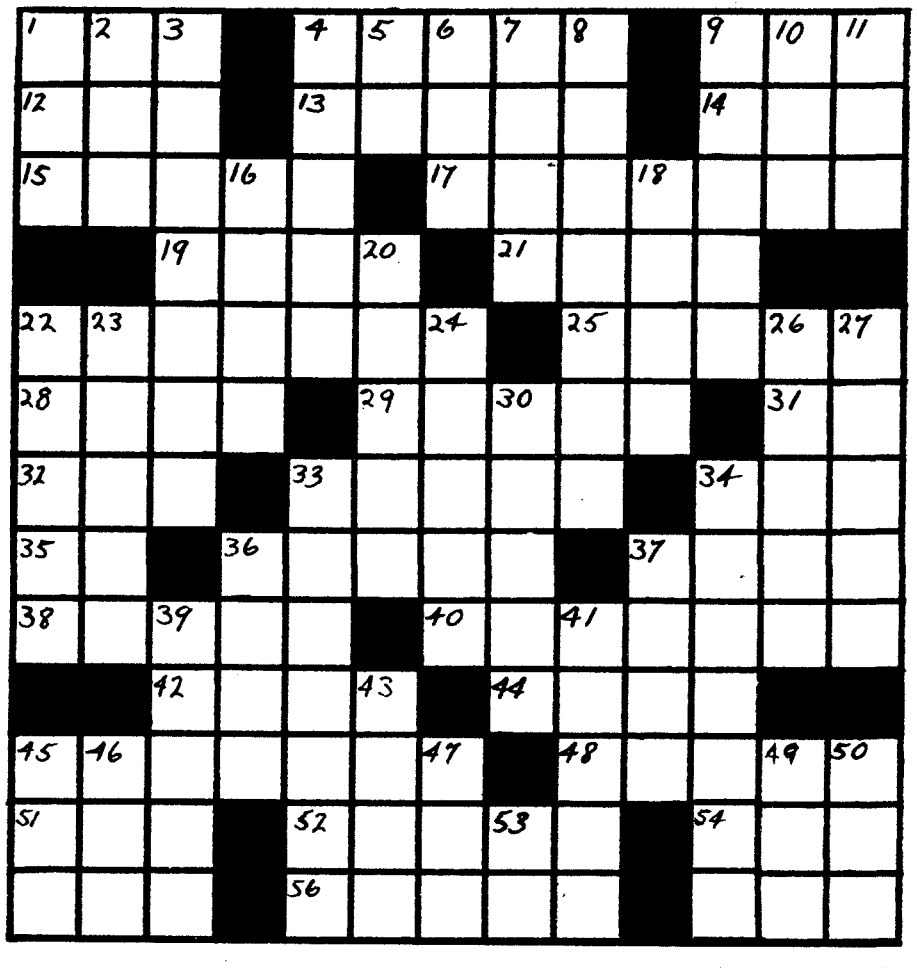
QUERY

Breathes there a GI
On the face of the earth
Who possesses the rating
He thinks he is worth?

—Pvt. JULIAN S. WEIL

IT seems the Army was partly responsible for putting this trim figure in the movies. Jean Trent was on tour of Army airfields with a Fourth Air Force show and some GIs sent her photograph to Walter Wanger. That brought her an interview and a long-time contract with Universal Pictures. She has a part in Universal's "Salome—Where She Danced."

Cross Word Puzzle

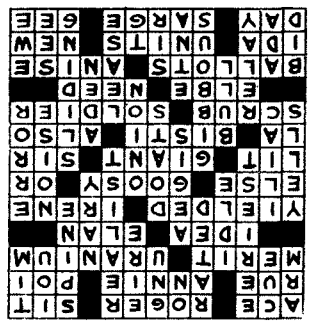


ACROSS

1. Top card
4. Okay in the AAF
9. Park the carcass
12. French street
13. Orphan
14. Hawaiian food
15. Deserve
17. Radioactive element
19. Brain wave
21. Dash
22. Surrendered
25. Girl's name
28. Otherwise
29. Very nervous
31. Either
32. Drunk
33. Baseball player
34. What to call the CO
35. Southern state
36. Old Persian coin
37. Besides
38. Player on the second team
40. GI
42. River in Germany
44. Require
45. Voting tickets
48. Aromatic herb seed
51. ——, sweet as apple cider
52. Military forces
54. Original
55. 24 hours
56. Three stripes or more
59. It goes with a whiz

DOWN

1. Equip for battle
2. Billiard stick
3. Weirdest
4. Fixed the rank of
5. Advance
6. African antelope
7. Ireland
8. One who faces facts
9. Backbone
10. Acknowledgement of debt
11. Man's nickname
16. Not working
18. Not one
20. Protective influence
22. College cheers
23. Pertaining to part of the hip bone
24. Mairzie's follower
26. Din
27. Ball player's slip-up
30. Tear jerker
33. More than half, but less than full, moon
34. Coasting
36. Line of chatter
37. Territory, SW corner of Arabia
39. Pass on
41. To let
43. Sicilian volcano
45. Offer made at an auction
46. —— from Decatur
47. Title of respect
49. Take a look
50. Female sheep
53. Short for telegraph



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PX

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My Soldier Movie

BACK and forth across the country fly the sizzling questions: "Are soldier movies true to soldier life?" and "Is GI Joe really the way the films show him?"

Critics call for greater truth and realism. Hollywood shrugs its shoulders, points to the box-office figures and turns out another blooper about the teen-age crowd at the Stage Door Canteen. The public, caught in the middle and puzzled, looks for someone to whom it can go for the final, authoritative, reassuring word.

Well, here I stand, bursting at the barracks bag with expert opinion, and the only thing anyone ever asks me is "Hey, what's holding up them large plates?" But today somebody else is in the kitchen with Dinah, so attention, please, Hollywood and fans:

The trouble with soldier movies is that they've been glorifying the wrong soldiers. First we get a rash of epics about clean, blond lads in the Air Force saying "Roger!" in clean, blond voices, loving girls with unbearably lovely hair and, at the drop of a propeller, zooming off into the wild blue yonder. Sweet, but is it Life?

No, decides a movie Genius With an Idea, and he rolls back the clock to the last war and comes up with a job about a plain ground soldier, evidently slated for the Infantry. He has this plain soldier spend exactly three-fifths of his basic-training time polishing the insides of garbage cans and another fifth running around with generals (we killed the last fifth New Year's Eve). He finally releases the picture under the hot title of "See Here, Pvt. H--g---e."

There is nothing radically wrong about giving the Air Force and the Infantry an occasional break in the films, but anybody knows that the real heroes of this war are the guys in the station complements and they are the ones who should be glorified. Then we will have a real Army movie, one with the stuff of life in it; a human document—alive, warm, breathing.

I've just about finished the scenario, and I happen to have it with me. Naturally I won't give you all of the plot here, or the dialogue, or even all of the characters. I want to have something in reserve when they get me into one of those story conferences in Hollywood. However, I see no harm in revealing the title and just a few hints about the story.

For a while I played with several titles, each possessing its good points. "Service Unit, I Love You" occurred right away, and for a while I was rather fond of "30 Seconds Over the PX." Then "The Keys of the Typewriter" certainly deserved consideration. I finally decided, though, that you couldn't beat "Well, Well, Pfc. Weldon."

I admit frankly that my decision was caused by a desire to have my name known in every household, instead of merely in most camp latrines. The big advantage of this title is that in making a sequel in a couple of years they won't have to worry about any real-life increase in rating; they can just call the sequel "Well, Well, Well, Pfc. Weldon."

I'm really not the kind of writer who gets into a producer's hair with all kinds of suggestions and demands, but I would like to propose a leading man to play the part of me. What do you think of Gregory Peck? True, this won't be essentially a romantic film—boil it down and it's a case of boy meets Army, boy struggles, Army keeps boy—but I do have my tender side, and Peck, I'd say, has just the right amount of shy charm, coupled with natural, rugged good looks and a thrilling, vibrant voice with wavy hair. And since this will be largely a man's picture, replete with virile action, they needn't go any higher than about Linda Darnell in casting the girl who loves me, or rather adores.

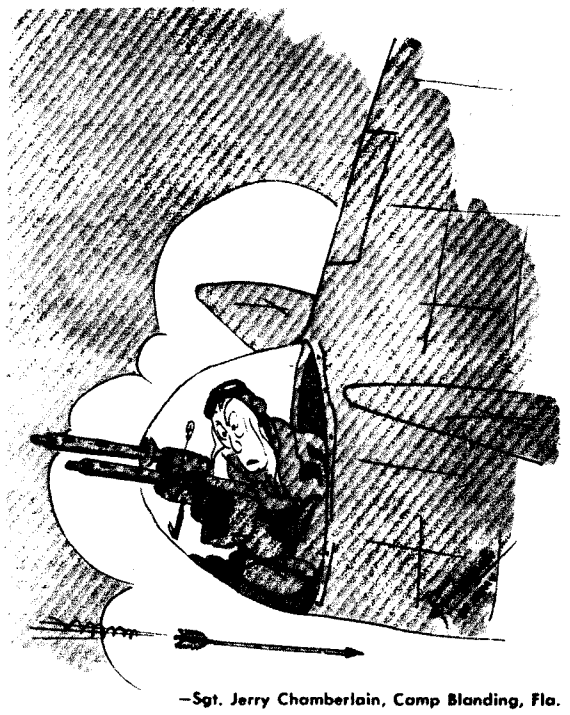
Now, just a little about the story and I'll get back to my work, as you never saw a garbage truck in the condition this one is.

The action revolves around a captured German service record. A near-sighted, irresistible American soldier (me) discovers the record lying around the headquarters office of a PW camp. The other clerks gave it no heed, figuring the German prisoner was bucking for a discharge and was up before the board. However, our hero (me) knows a few German words—*"frankfurters mitt sauerkraut, mein geliebte"*—and he realizes at once that this is a document of vital importance to the Allied cause, containing as it does the line of duty status of Hipschen von Pippschen, the brains of the Germany army. At this point there is a dissolve. (Whatever that may be. Though I made $9,678,137.19 a week as a Hollywood writer, I never did any writing. Just rooted in my office making paper airplanes and calling Ingrid Bergman. Called her Ingrid.)

As the next scene opens we see our hero (me) keeping the Gestapo at bay (Lower New York), while making violent love to the Nazi spy, who is disguised as a Japanese geisha girl. How the hero thwarts an enemy plot to wreck the morale of the unit by putting rock salt into the ping-pong balls, and how he saves the life of the mess sergeant, who is being playfully lynched by the KPs, only to have the homely stenographer, struggling along on Civil Service pay, throw off her dark glasses and reveal a bathing suit hugging a lovely form, is——

Well, it's something you will certainly never see in next week's YANK. Order your copy today.

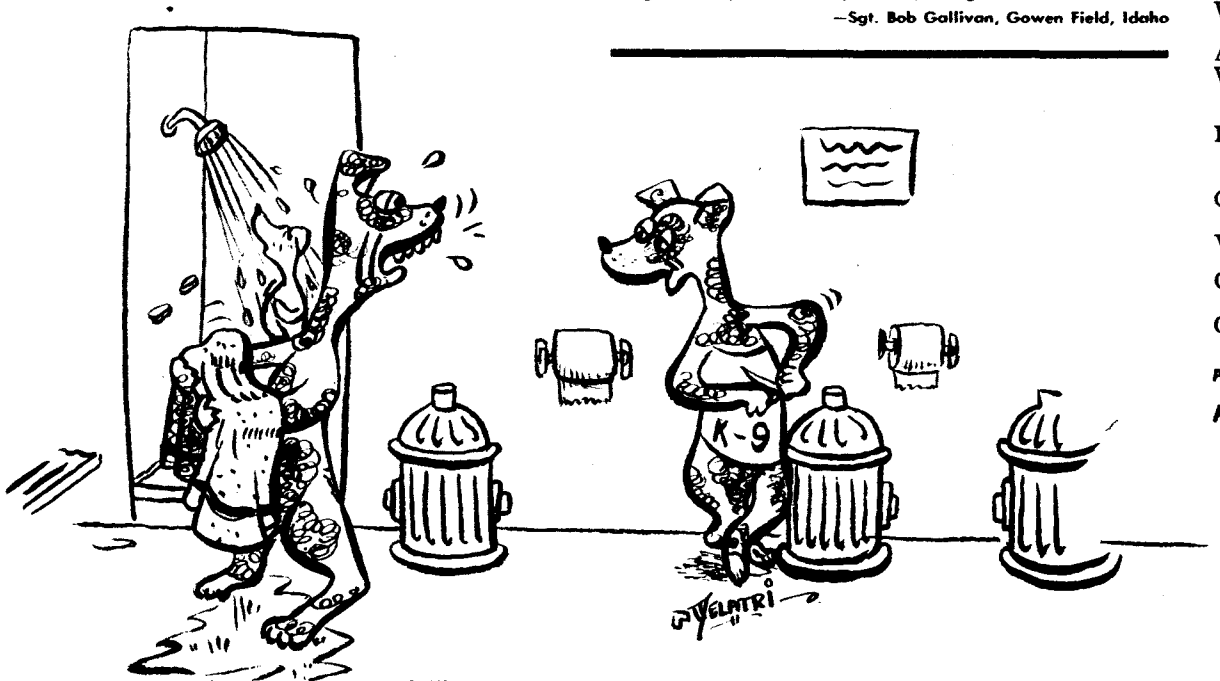
Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON



—Sgt. Jerry Chamberlain, Camp Blanding, Fla.

"I guess I just lost my head, Sarge."

—Sgt. Bob Gallivan, Gowen Field, Idaho



"There you go with your rumors again!"

—Pfc. Anthony Delatri, Indiantown Gap, Pa.

EVENING AT HOME

As I lay on my cot and I stared at the pages
Of a book where the greatest and best of the sages
Had sprinkled the juiciest thoughts of the ages,

Young Roger, my neighbor in pleasure and labor,
My buddy with mop in latrine,
My field-wire reeler, potato peeler
And expert with TL13,
Came up beside me and forcefully pried me
Apart from the muses, for aces and twoses
Were vying with ten, jack and queen.

I am not a gambler. I never had played
Rummy or pinochle, bridge or Old Maid,
But friendship is friendship and so I must trade
Two eclogues, an ode, a phillippic tirade
For a pair of nines and the ace of spade.

Jack sat at my right and Ed dealt the cards,
Then Jack dealt and I dealt and Roger and John,
And the minutes flew fast till midnight was past
And my dollar and thirty-nine cents were all gone.
We played and we played for each hand was the last—
Oh, surely—but still it went on.

At a quarter past three,
When the deal came to me,
I thrust friendship aside and arose;
And my buddies quite weary,
With eyes red and bleary
Agreed it was time we might close.

Both Caesar and Homer have written of war:
For Homer 'twas glory,
For Caesar a story
Of strong men united and pagan defiance.
For Sherman 'twas gory;
Von Clausewitz described it as theory and science.

Oh, where in the annals of armies and conquest,
Are the words of the erudite seer that writes
Of the battle that barracks-bound soldiers
Wage over and over on weekday nights?

Port of Embarkation —Pfc. IRVING RIBNER

MY LOVE

My love is tangible to me,
A thing I feel, a thing I see;
A springtime thing I always wear,
Like lilacs, tangled in my hair;
A living thing, forever warm,
Exciting as a summer storm.

Like vapor trails that mark the sky
When early-morning bombers fly,
My love has left a mark on me:
An everlasting melody!

AAFBU, Miami Beach, Fla. —Pfc. CATHERINE MURRAY

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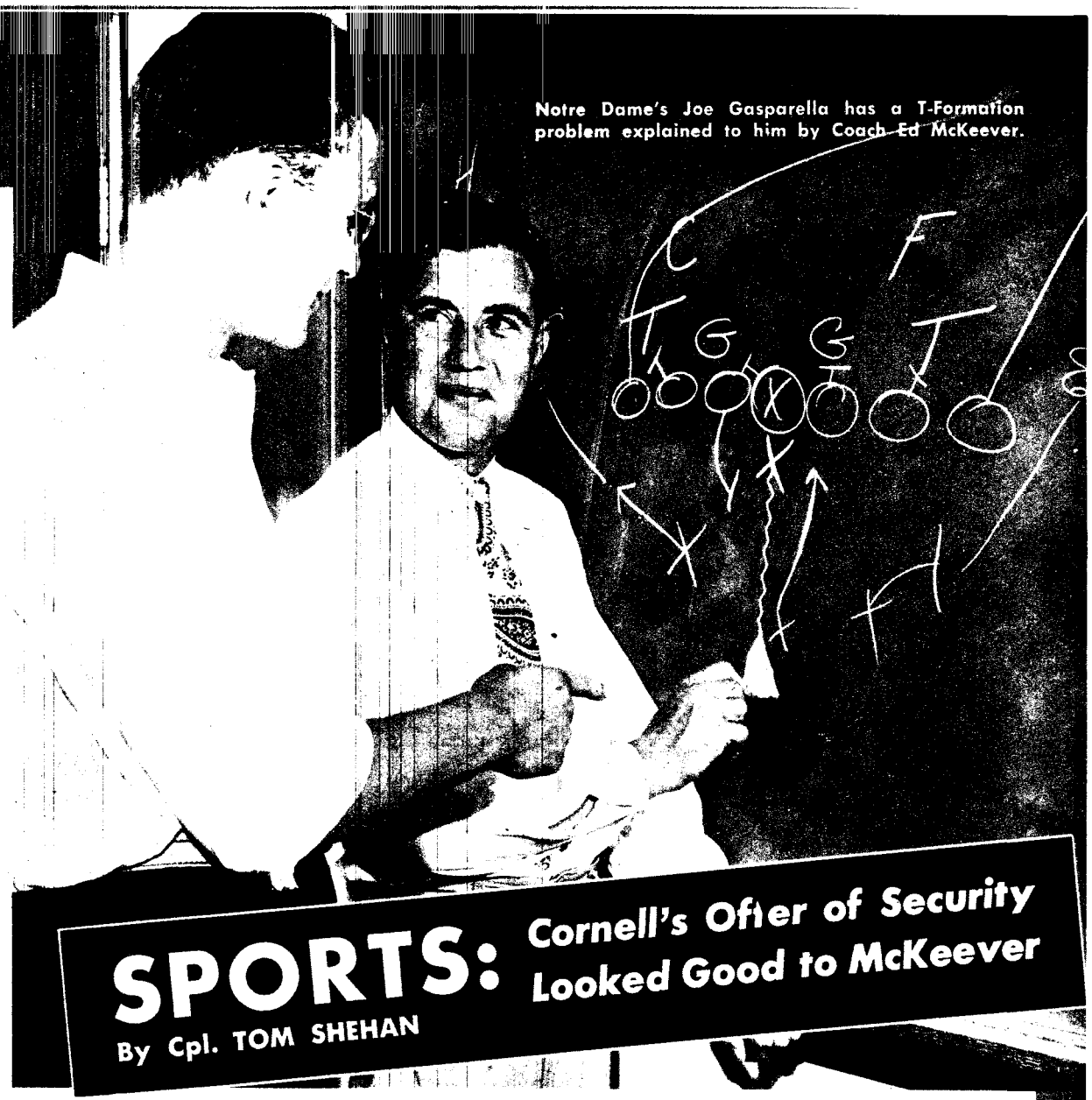

Notre Dame's Joe Gasparella has a T-Formation problem explained to him by Coach Ed McKeever.

SPORTS: Cornell's Offer of Security Looked Good to McKeever

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

ED MCKEEVER turned down several attractive offers from Fordham, Boston College and a number of professional clubs, and signed a contract to be head coach of football at Cornell because he was looking for security. He wanted to settle down in a nice small town where the 5-year-old McKeever twin girls could start school next fall without worrying about whether they'd have to move again before they got acquainted with the teacher.

"We want to marry our next coach," they told him at Cornell. "We'll promise to honor and obey, in victory and in defeat, and not even the most disgruntled alumnus will make us part."

Ithaca, N. Y., the home of Cornell, looked just right for the twins, who were born in December 1940 while their father and Frank Leahy were taking the Boston College team to New Orleans to beat Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl.

"Get out the marriage license and put that in writing," McKeever said. "I do."

A long-term and well-paid coaching career at a respectable Ivy League school like Cornell must look good to McKeever. He appreciates such a spot because he made his way to the top of the football business the hard way before he became temporary headman at Notre Dame last year, succeeding his best friend, Frank Leahy, who went to the Navy on leave of absence. Just to keep the record straight, in case you haven't seen the newspapers lately, Hugh Devore, the Notre Dame line coach who used to be headman at Providence College, is going to fill in for McKeever at South Bend until Leahy returns.

The new Cornell coach was born in San Antonio, Tex., and played high-school football at St. Edward's University Prep for Jack Meagher, an ex-Notre Damer who afterward coached at Rice and Auburn. Meagher encouraged McKeever's ambition to play under Knute Rockne, but Ed was only a freshman when the great coach was killed in an airplane crash in Kansas. He lost his enthusiasm then and began to get homesick. So he left South Bend and rode the rods back to Texas.

He first tried to enroll at Rice, but Meagher, his old coach, had to turn him down because the T/O for football scholarships had no vacancies that year. Marchie Schwartz, star of Rockne's last team, had given him a letter of recommendation to Pete Cawthon, the Texas Tech coach, so that was his next stop. Cawthon wasn't sure he wanted McKeever, but he let him sleep in an empty janitor's office on the campus.

Texas Tech then had the reputation of being "the best pro club in the Southwest," but if it was McKeever wasn't one of its highest salaried men. He worked his way through school. Ed and a chum used to catch snakes, skin them and make snakeskin belts which they sold to the freshmen. Summers he worked on the range as a cowhand.

In his first play the day he made his varsity debut as a sophomore in the fourth quarter of the Baylor game, Ed caught a flat pass and raced 35 yards for a touchdown. During the next three years he played right halfback and called the signals while Texas Tech was winning 30 of 35 games. After graduation Cawthon hired him to coach the backs, and between seasons he worked for the gas company in Lubbock, Tex., where Tech is located.

Frank Leahy, then one of Jim Crowley's assistants at Fordham, met McKeever when he went to Lubbock to lecture at a summer school for high-school coaches. "If I ever get a job as head coach," Leahy told Ed, "I'm going to make you my right-hand man." Not long afterward Frank kept his promise. He was hired by Boston College and brought McKeever along to handle his backfield men.

McKeever modestly attributes most of his success to his association with Leahy. "My first big break came when I went to Boston College with Frank," he says. "I've been riding on the Leahy band wagon ever since." While Leahy served as a lieutenant in the Navy, Notre Dame won 8 of 10 games last fall. Ed did an outstanding job in holding the team together after it had been whipped 32-13 by Navy and 59-0 by Army. "It's up to you and the other fellows not to let the youngsters' spirits go down," he told Capt. Pat Filley after the Army game. "Start in on them tonight and don't stop." Notre Dame came back to beat Georgia Tech, a team which had defeated Navy earlier in the year, and Great Lakes.

McKeever's favorite story on the banquet circuit this winter concerned his effort to fire up the team before the Army game with his own version of Rockne's famous Win-This-One-for-George Gipp speech. Ed told the boys that his bedridden father listened faithfully to the Notre Dame games on the radio and that nothing would hasten his recovery faster than a victory over Army.

The Notre Dame boys went on the field all fired up, but the Cadets were too strong for them, to put it mildly. During time out in the last quarter one of the exhausted Notre Dame players looked hopelessly up at the scoreboard. "Fifty-nine to nothing," he sighed. "McKeever's old man must be dead by now."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Bernie Jefferson, the Northwestern Negro halfback who won Big Ten honors in 1938, is at Atlantic City, N. J., awaiting reassignment after 43 combat missions in Mustang fighters and 65 short-range sorties in P-39s and P-47s in the Mediterranean area. He is entitled to wear the DFC and the Air Medal with six Oak Leaf Clusters. Jefferson got the DFC for a bit of bold flying while on a strafing mission just before the invasion of southern France. The target was two radar towers in Toulon and 180 ack-ack guns. Bernie and 14 other pilots flew the mission and Jefferson hit the towers, pulling up and over a 400-foot cliff and then diving down to knock out the station. . . . **Lt. Ray Flaherty,** ex-Washington Redskins coach, is now stationed in Brazil. . . . Charlie Berry, the umpire, is telling his friends about the ribbing he received from **Pvt. Hank Soar,** ex-New York Giants back, during his recent visit to Grenland. Soar suggested a fishing trip, and when they reached the place he explained that the first job was to chop a hole in the ice. Berry started to work and hacked out enough ice to supply a fish market. Then Hank told him the ice was seven feet thick, and it was time to hurry back to camp anyway.

Killed: **Maj. William (Memphis Bill) Mallory,** captain of the great Yale team of 1923, in a plane crash in Italy; **Lt. Comdr. Mack Tharpe,** former line coach at Georgia Tech, in action in the Pacific. . . . *Rejected:* **Fritzie Ostermueller,** Pittsburgh Pirates pitcher. . . . *Inducted:* **Gordon Maltzberger,** 31-year-old ace relief pitcher for the Chicago White Sox. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Billy Brown,** national hop-skip-and-jump champion, to sea duty from the Bainbridge (Md.) USNTC; **Lt. William S. (Billy) Soose,** former middleweight boxing champion, from the Solomons (Md.) USNATC to the Armed Guard Center, Brooklyn. . . . *Promoted:* **Maj. Mike Mikulak,** former Chicago Cardinals back, to lieutenant colonel in Italy; **Lt. Birdie Tebbetts,** former Detroit Tigers catcher, to captain at Waco (Tex.) Army Air Field. . . . *Cited:* **Lt. William (Bullet Bill) Osmanski,** ex-Chicago Bears fullback now a Navy dental officer of a Marine unit in the Pacific, for rescuing a Navy doctor from quicksand. . . . *Discharged:* **Stan Koslowski,** who returned to Holy Cross after having played with the North Carolina Navy Pre-Flight team last fall; **Tony Musto,** former Chicago heavyweight, from the Navy.

THE BROWN BOMBER. S/Sgt. Joe Louis visits the Riverdale Children's Association home for Negroes in New York, to present a War Bond in memory of two Riverdale boys killed in the war.

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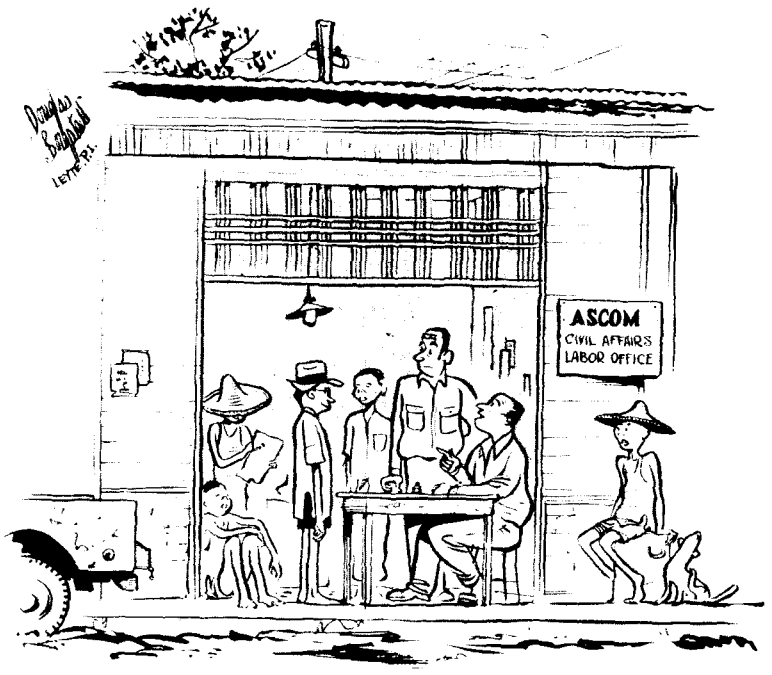

"HAVE WE ANY PLACE FOR A GUY WITH FOUR YEARS AT YALE AND TWO IN THE HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL?" —Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"I HEAR THE OLD MAN THREW THE BOOK AT YOU." —Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"WELL, IF IT AIN'T A MIRAGE I'VE BEEN A DAMN FOOL SINCE EARLY IN 1942." —Sgt. Ted Miller

YANK

"SERGEANT, THIS IS WILFRED APOLLO, WHO WILL PLAY THE ROLE OF YOU IN 'CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL.'" —Cpl. Art Gates

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